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# The Classical Journal

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE MIDDLE WEST AND  
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ENGLAND AND THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE PACIFIC STATES

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Volume XXXI

DECEMBER, 1935

Number 3

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# THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL

Published by the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, with the coöperation of the Classical Association of New England and the Classical Association of the Pacific States  
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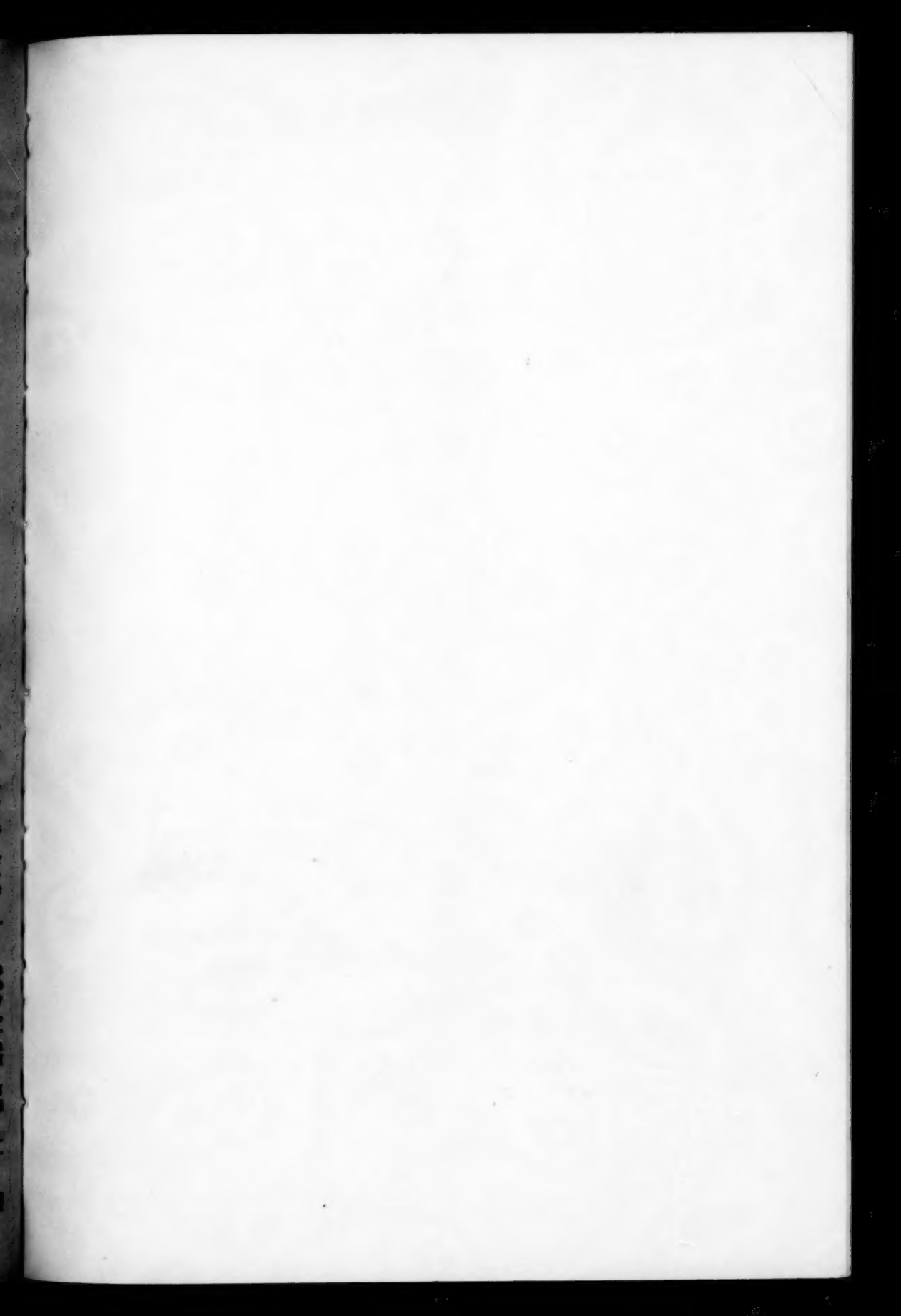
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THE MONUMENT OF HORACE AT VENOSA  
From a photograph loaned by Dean Andrew F. West



ΕΙΣ ΟΡΑΤΙΟΝ

Λέσβιοι Ἑσπερίῳ χαίρειν αὐδῶσιν ᾠδοὶ  
Μοῦσαν τὴν σφετέραν εὖ διαδεξαμένῳ.

ERNEST H. RIEDEL



# THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL

VOLUME XXXI

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## Editorial

### PERPETUALLY IMITATED AND PERPETUALLY INIMITABLE<sup>1</sup>

These words subtend a large sector in the explanation of Horace's undoubted popularity in every age and every clime, a problem whose explication contains no less befuddlement for literary critics than his writings do of tantalizing piquancy for readers of his verse. The fact of his popularity is incontrovertible. He who runs may read the proof in the statement that more manuscripts of Horace are preserved than for any other classical author. It is confirmed for modern times by the marvelous check list which Professor Henry of the University of Cincinnati, chairman of the Committee on Horace Exhibitions in Libraries, has arranged for in collaboration with Mr. Ernest Kletsch of the Library of Congress<sup>2</sup>; in the sixteenth century there were 227 new editions, in the seventeenth 195, in the eighteenth more than 400, and in the nineteenth over 1200. What other ancient writer has a record like that? Moreover, at Wallingford, Pennsylvania, there is a Horatian library entirely devoted to our author.

In truth Horace's formula for literary style is clearly stated by himself (*Ars Poetica*, vs. 240-43), but despair will clutch any lesser genius who tries to employ it. It is the art of concealing art, of treating well-worn themes in such a manner as to make them dis-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. J. W. Mackail, *Classical Studies*: New York, Macmillan Co. (1926), 87.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Edward A. Henry, "A Bimillennium Horatianum Check List," *CLASS. JOUR.* xxx (1935), 489-491. The publication of the check list will be made possible by the friends of the classics at Mills College.

tinctively one's own, of using materials so familiar that anyone thinks he could encompass the same result, yet

sudet multum frustra que laboret  
ausus idem.

It is the apotheosis of the familiar theme (τόπος κοινός), all brought about by clever juxtaposition of familiar words to form new and felicitous phrases (what Petronius called Horace's *curiosa felicitas*) and by the impeccable sequence of ideas. The same thought was expressed by Pascal (*de l'Art de Persuader*, next to last paragraph) when he wrote: *Les meilleurs livres sont ceux que ceux qui les lisent croient qu'ils auraient pu faire.*

It is this quality which makes Horace the most quoted of all ancients, which causes even modern writers to seek "purple patches" (another phrase of his) by incorporating Horatian reminiscences into their writings even in strange contexts, as when Mr. Bailey describes a set of artificial teeth as "resplendently false" or Mr. Seabrook<sup>3</sup> refers to himself as "drunk as a Bandusian goat"; which piques and baffles every editor and translator. Whether Dr. Samuel Johnson attempts to translate Horace with English so charged with Latin as almost to cease to be English, or Austin Dobson in mid-Victorian English, or Gladstone with phrases of Olympian dignity, or Eugene Field with Chaucerian paraphrase or Chicago slang, or Franklin P. Adams in the vernacular of the Bowery, or Professor Charles Bennett of Amherst College in negro dialect, they must all confess themselves to have failed miserably in reproducing Horace's *felicitas*. The task is at once irresistible and impossible.

It has recently been remarked<sup>4</sup> that Horace's range of themes is limited—a charge which one of my pupils will in due time attempt to qualify. And expressions are sometimes employed which imply that our poet was devoted solely to frivolities; but to refute this charge one needs merely to recall his patriotic odes or his famous phrase,

<sup>3</sup> Cf. H. C. Bailey, *Shadow on the Wall*: Garden City, N. J., Doubleday, Doran and Co. (1934), 300, and William Seabrook, "Asylum," *Atlantic Monthly* CLVI (July, 1935), 2.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. T. R. Glover, *Horace—a Return to Allegiance*: Cambridge, University Press (1932), 71.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,

which has probably been carved upon more monuments than any similar phrase in any language. Moreover we ought to recognize that it is as truly the function of poets to elevate trifling or lowly themes by the beauty of their language as to treat subjects which are inherently lofty. A bitter and prolonged quarrel between two men over a woman who is the wedded wife of neither or the inexplicable absence of a wandering husband are surely themes common enough and sordid enough except as the genius of a Homer lifts them to the plane of epic poetry. Browning<sup>5</sup> is said to have referred to Austin Dobson's verse as "carved cherrystones," and the same phrase may well be applied to much of Horace. Yet carved cherrystones which the wisest and wittiest of men keep in precious remembrance for two thousand years cannot be the work of a man who was "a poet only by grace of form."<sup>6</sup>

Nevertheless it is not alone Horace's style, however evanescent, nor his wit, which we honor during this bimillennial year. A writer of lyric and satire can disclose his own qualities as a dramatist or epic poet cannot, and the man who stands revealed in Horace's works is one who is almost altogether admirable and who has made a strong appeal to the minds and hearts of men. It would have been easy for him to attempt to conceal his humble parentage or at least to gloss it over by reticence on the subject, but he was man enough to recognize his father's true worth and to praise him again and again, though a freedman. He had a chance to occupy an influential position in the household of the *princeps*, one which would have enabled him to amass a fortune and exert almost as much influence as Augustus himself; but he recognized the hollowness of such ambitions, at least for himself, and rejected the offer politely but firmly. He could easily have exploited his wealthy and influential friends for far more than he enjoyed at their hands, but he was satisfied with his humble Sabine farm and declared that he had received *satis superque*. Most of all, he might well have thought that he had to dance to the tune as set by the whims of his bene-

<sup>5</sup> Cf. E. F. Benson, *As We Were*, a Victorian Peep Show: New York, Longmans, Green and Co. (1930), 125.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. George L. Hendrickson in *Class. Phil.* xxiii (1928), 195.

factors, especially Maecenas; but he proudly declared his independence and expressed his willingness to surrender all that he had received, quite conscious that his service to Maecenas was fully equivalent to every gift. And incidentally was ever a patron more richly rewarded for his benefactions? These and other qualities in Horace have seemed admirable through the centuries. No one can read him without getting a new glimpse of human worth and feeling nobler himself.

Thus after two thousand years we honor Horace not only for his words of cheer and fun and friendliness, expressed in language which the most expert metricians have vainly striven to imitate, but also for the manly and human qualities which have made him seem like a stimulating personal friend to every reader.

ROY C. FLICKINGER



## THE UNIVERSALITY OF HORACE<sup>1</sup>

By FREDERICK W. SHIPLEY  
Washington University

Thirty-eight years ago next June I began my novitiate in university teaching as a cub instructor in the summer quarter at one of our leading universities. One's first few months of teaching are likely to be crowded with experiences and impressions, and I am astonished at the variety of memories that still associate themselves with the three classes which I taught that summer. But one incident stands out from all the rest, and in fact looms so much larger with the passing of the "fugacious years," that I should like to use it as an introduction to my subject.

Among the thirty-five or forty students in a class in Horace's *Odes* appeared a rather distinguished-looking elderly man. He did not seem to belong there among the freshmen and sophomores, and I asked him at the end of the first meeting of the class whether he had not registered for the wrong type of course. He told me that this particular course was, in fact, his reason for coming to the university at all; that he had been teaching mathematics for nearly fifty years; that he had just retired from his professorship in a small college in one of the central states at the age of seventy-three, and that he was now at last able to satisfy a desire, which he had long entertained, of reading Horace over again in the original before he died. There may seem to you to be more pathos in this story than there really was. He did not look his age. His hair and beard were only partially streaked with gray. His six-foot frame was still unbent by years, and his hale and hearty vigor indicated

<sup>1</sup> Presidential address, delivered before the Classical Association of the Middle West and South at its Thirty-First Annual Meeting, St. Louis, April 18, 1935. Published as read, except for the more explicit references given in the footnotes.

that *pallida mors* was not likely to knock on his door for some time to come.

I was still too young myself to realize the full significance of this old man's desire, and the difference in our ages would have prevented me from prying too closely into his inner life; but it would be interesting to know what appeal Horace had for this seventy-three-year-old mathematician in his declining years, after he had outlived his academic usefulness. What was it that led Goldwin Smith at the age of seventy, after his long career as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and later as organizer of the history department at Cornell, and after the publication of his *Constitutional History of the United States*, to turn his hand to the verse translations of Horace which appeared in his *Bay Leaves*? What was the appeal that led Gladstone, after a long and distinguished career either as Prime Minister of England or as leader of the opposition, to devote his last years to the translation of Horace in verse at the age of eighty-five? What did these three septuagenarians and octogenarians find in Horace? I think we can dismiss sex appeal. They may have been amused but not deeply moved any more than Horace was himself by the Pyrrhas, Lydes, Glyceras, the Chloes, Lalages, and other feminine subjects of the so-called love poems. Nor were any of them searching for a comforting *euthanasia* in the *Carpe Diem* poems, which do not, after all, represent Horace's complete philosophy of life. Gladstone and Smith were both highly religious men. As old men, and serious men at that, they must have found in Horace something more abiding and universal. A poet who has an appeal to the old, who have outlived at least the more sentimental enthusiasms; and to the wise, who have seen life and have weighed most of its problems; and has at the same time an appeal to youth, with its totally different attitudes, has something about him which approaches universality.

How many of you could even name the best seller on the *Literary Digest* list of twenty years ago, of fifteen years ago, or even ten years ago? What has happened to those books so triumphantly flaunted at you by the "have you read" fiends of those particular years? I venture to say that more copies of Horace were sold an-

nually than of any of them five years after publication, and that too before the Horace *Bimillennium* was even thought about. A man to write *quod et hunc in annum vivat et plures*—to use Horace's own phrase<sup>2</sup>—must have something in his writing more than an appeal to his own year, or his own age, or the special interest of his own time, or of any particular group. It must have something universal in it. It was Leonardo da Vinci who said that universality was the goal of all art,<sup>3</sup> a quality which indeed he himself possessed above all other painters.

At the outset we must limit the universality of Horace's appeal in respect to two extremes. He had no message for the mawkishly sentimental on the one hand, or for those who see only drab realism on the other; or, if he had a message for them, it was preventive and remedial. But, after all, infra-red and ultra-violet are simply invisible extensions of the visible colors of the spectrum. His *aurea mediocritas* confined him to the normal colors of the spectrum of life.

But within that normal spectrum his range was quite unusual, often involving colors which were complementary or even contradictory: republican but yet imperialist; democrat but yet an aristocrat; low-born but *wohlgeboren*; Epicurean and yet Stoic; *doctus*, although he abhorred the adjective; humorous but serious; friendly but independent; homely but elevated; city man and country man; realist and idealist—all encompassed by the folds of the same toga. He was a diamond of many facets, reflecting the light which came to him from many angles. As he says in the first satire of the second book, *Quisquis erit vitae scribam color*.

But to proceed to an analysis of some of Horace's universal qualities. Mothers have come in for their full share of tribute throughout the ages down to Whistler's famous portrait; fathers but rarely, until a commercialized age created father's day with its dividends to the haberdasher. Against this background one is almost tempted to refrain from mentioning two of the noblest passages in Horace, which touch a cord that should vibrate in every man, the two in which he speaks of his father. I know of no more

<sup>2</sup> *Odes* I, 32, 2.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Craven, *Men of Art*, New York, Simon and Schuster (1934), 64. See also 83.

manly tribute which a father has ever received from a son, not even in Matthew Arnold's *Rugby Chapel*. The old ex-slave has won for himself something that many a man of nobler birth would be glad to have received from his son, and, what is more, to have deserved. Unlike Caligula, who disowned because of his lowly, though free-born origin, his grandfather Agrippa, one of the finest figures in all Roman history, Horace converts what might be called his social liability into his chief asset and crowning ornament. Many a man in Horace's place would have avoided all mention of his servile past. Horace's tribute to his father as the one great formative and educative factor in his life—even after he had been to the University at Athens, to which indeed his father sent him—derives much of its nobility from its sheer genuineness and its utter lack of sentimentality and cant. Its very simplicity makes us feel that not only did the son have a worthy father, but the father, a worthy son. In the case of each of them "Nature could stand up and say to all the world 'This was a man!'" What a pity that we could not get the modern father, who so often makes a mess of the training of his son, to lay down his detective story for five minutes and read the account of the old freedman's companionship with, and character education of, his boy.

After affection for his father, among universal sentiments should probably come fatherland. But for good reasons I am deferring it until after the next category, which looms so large in his life, that of friendship.

What a host of friendships Horace had! What literary man ever had a larger or more varied assortment? Our knowledge of the men of his day would be cut in half had the works of Horace not survived. And his friendships were real, not the hollow form of friendship which one meets in the social set, or the hail-fellow-well-met variety which one encounters in the fraternal groups, or in the Rotary Club, or in the Y.M.C.A. Horace was not the kind to slap a person on the back and call him brother. He never uses *frater* as a term of address, although he uses the various cases of *amicus*—masculine gender only—and the word *amicitia* 118 times. Horace is rarely sentimental. The nearest he comes to it is when he speaks

of Vergil as "the other half of my soul,"<sup>4</sup> and of Vergil, Varius, and Tucca as friends, "than whom earth ne'er bore whiter souls."<sup>5</sup> He was slow at making friendships, and he has impaled upon the pin of satire, like a beetle, to go into his collection of specimens of would-be friends, the social climber who tries to worm his way under his guard by flattery and sheer persistence.<sup>6</sup>

With the single exception of Maecenas, to whom, in spite of the disparity in their ancestral backgrounds, he became a second self, the informality, and also the warmth, of his friendship increases in inverse ratio to the social and political importance of the friend addressed. For this reason, if for no other, it has the true ring of sincerity. Augustus or Agrippa must have wished, as indeed Augustus did wish, that he might have been addressed with the same warmth of feeling which Horace shows in welcoming back after Actium Pompeius, his old comrade in the army of Brutus,<sup>7</sup> who had no doubt been serving as the enemy of Octavian in Antony's army, or in the serio-comic apostrophe to the jar of wine which he sent to Messalla,<sup>8</sup> or in the *Pallida mors* poem addressed to Sestius,<sup>9</sup> both of whom had, like Horace, fought on the wrong side at Philippi. When giving, in *Satires* I, 10, the list of friends whose opinion he really valued, he makes a significant addition accompanied by an equally significant remark: "Without any charge of self-seeking, I can mention thee, Pollio, thee, Messalla, as well as thy brother, you, Bibulus and Servius, and with these thee, fairminded Furnius."<sup>10</sup> All of them had been opponents of Octavian, now in complete control in Italy; some had served with Brutus, and some were still friends to Antony. No mere "climber" would have been impelled to mention these.

As satire six of the first book, where he speaks of his father, is devoted to the theme "a man's a man for a' that," so the third is

<sup>4</sup> *Odes* I, 3, 8: Et serves animae dimidium meae.

<sup>5</sup> *Sat.* I, 5, 41 f.: animae quales neque candidiores/terra tulit.

<sup>6</sup> *Sat.* I, 9.

<sup>7</sup> *Odes* II, 7.

<sup>8</sup> *Odes* III, 21.

<sup>9</sup> *Odes* I, 4.

<sup>10</sup> *Sat.* I, 10, 84-86:

Ambitione religata te dicere possum  
Pollio, te, Messalla, tuo cum fratre, simulque  
Vos, Bibule et Servi, simul his te, candide Furni.



on the theme "a friend's a friend for a' that": *Haec res et iungit iunctos et servat amicos*.<sup>11</sup> Friendship and comradeship were something very real in his life. *Nil ego contulerim iucundo sanus amico*.<sup>12</sup> He was fond of good company, and, while we may suspect that he was himself the life of it, the spirit of camaraderie, of give and take, developed in this group of intimates, is one of the most interesting features of his literary work.

The list of addressees in his poems of friendship runs the gamut; young and old, high and low, successful literary man and young novice, the gay and the melancholy, the joker and the mourner, the hothead and the overcautious. Among these friendship poems are to be found some of his outstanding masterpieces. He had a genius for adapting the ode or the epistle, even when on a serious theme, and when the addressee is not the real subject of the poem, to the personality and the idiosyncrasies of the friend addressed, either by direct implication, or by some twist of whimsical incongruity. The old favorite, *Integer vitae*, with its mock-serious beginning and incongruous ending goes to his joking friend Aristius Fuscus.<sup>13</sup> The "Golden Mean,"<sup>14</sup> with its stingless admonition, goes to the hotheaded extremist Murena, and the *Sic visum Veneri* to the love-lorn Albius Tibullus.<sup>15</sup> Iccius, student of philosophy, turned jingo, gets the whimsical *pollicitus meliora*.<sup>16</sup>

Somehow he has the knack of admitting the reader into these friendships. I suspect that this quality was one which had a peculiar appeal to the three old men of whom we have spoken, and to many others beyond middle life, who, as friends drop off or move away, crave friendships which they now find it harder to make. To these Horace becomes a universal friend, as well as to youth, if they are fortunate enough to be able to read him.

It was Vergil and Varius who introduced Horace to Maecenas. This introduction was the beginning of one of those lifelong friendships which have become historic, where the mere mention of one member of the pair of friends necessarily calls to mind the other in the same thought. The intimacy between the statesman sprung from a line of Etruscan kings and the poet with his servile ancestry

<sup>11</sup> *Sat.* I, 3, 54.

<sup>12</sup> *Sat.* I, 5, 44.

<sup>13</sup> *Odes* I, 22.

<sup>14</sup> *Odes* II, 10.

<sup>15</sup> *Odes* I, 33.

<sup>16</sup> *Odes* I, 29.



behind him had at bottom more than the fact that Horace was a poet and Maecenas a patron of letters. It was, after the first stages at least, not the patronizing relation of superior and inferior, but a friendship between man and man, as men and equals. There was little difference in their years. Maecenas gave Horace his farm, but Horace gave his superstitious friend something that could not be measured in *sestertii*, and that was something of his own philosophy of life. If Maecenas had received nothing in return except the twenty-ninth ode of the third book, he would have been amply repaid for the farm; for in it he received a priceless gem. That Horace maintained an attitude of independence, even in this friendship, is apparent from epistle seven of the first book. But the friendship continued until their almost simultaneous deaths in 8 B.C. The words of the codicil of Maecenas' will, addressed to Augustus—*Horati Flacci ut mei esto memor*—,<sup>17</sup> which close this interesting chapter in human relationship, bear testimony that he still regarded Horace as his other self, as he did when he wrote the words: "Did I not love thee, Horace, more than mine own flesh."<sup>18</sup>

The warmth of his other friendships makes his relations with Augustus seem the more peculiar. There is but one mention of Octavian in the first book of the *Satires*, although they are dedicated to his minister Maecenas; and few in the second book. Suetonius states that he declined the position of personal secretary which Augustus offered him, that Augustus continued to force his friendship on him, that he later twitted Horace with spurning it; that the emperor, convinced that his poems would last, got him to write the *Carmen Saeculare*, and, after the publication of the *Epistles*, wrote twice expressing his anger, perhaps jokingly, that the poet had never addressed a similar literary epistle to him, and that then Horace wrote the one beginning *Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus*. Not all of this is to be taken too seriously, and there may have been a good deal of banter in it. But Horace was very much his own man and independent enough even

<sup>17</sup> Cited in the *Vita Horati* of Suetonius.

<sup>18</sup> *Ni te visceribus meis Horati/plus iam diligo*. Cited by Suetonius *ibid*.

after Actium to write of "the noble death of Cato," even in a poem written primarily in honor of Augustus.<sup>19</sup>

And yet, though apparently withholding from Augustus the intimate friendship which he gave to others, and refusing to be a propagandist for him until after Actium, when propaganda was no longer needed or pressed, the service which he rendered his régime in the period of reconstruction was exceedingly great. This brings us to the third topic, *patria*, in which he strikes another universal note.

I think we may here dismiss the idea that Horace was a mere court poet, or a mere propagandist for a particular party, and at once assume his sincerity. He had served with Brutus, he still could make a hero of Cato even after Actium. But he had seen the disastrous effects of the civil wars, economic, social, and moral; had seen the dangerous effort of Antony, as the paramour of an Egyptian queen, to convert the eastern part of the Empire into an oriental monarchy; and came to realize with the saner thinkers of Italy, after 33, that the only hope for a better and sounder order of society rested with Octavian, Agrippa, Maecenas, and those who coöperated with them. After Actium he lent the service of his pen whole-heartedly and with few reservations to the program of reconstruction, particularly to the restoring of the old ideals and *mores* which had made Rome great. In the first six odes of the third book and in others scattered through this and the first and second books, he strikes a patriotic note matched in Roman literature only by Vergil in the sixth Aeneid, and but rarely matched in other literatures.

Much of what he says on this theme is universal in its application. His analysis of the corrupted *mores* of his own day in the sixth and twenty-fourth odes of book three comes so near to being an accurate diagnosis of what was wrong with the United States in the decade of the gay twenties that it is almost uncanny: the break-up of religion, of the family, of the home; the jazz age, the eternal marital triangle, the craze for money—that *summi materies mali*; the example which father sets for son by his own business

<sup>19</sup> Odes I, 12, 35 f. Cf. also Odes II, 1, 24.

ethics as he piles up wealth for his unworthy heir, the distorted ideas as to what is education, and smart accomplishment; the unforgettable phrase with which he sums up the first of these diagnoses, *non his iuventus orta parentibus*, "twas not from parents such as these were sprung the men who made Rome great," and the still more pithy query with which he gets at the heart of the matter in the other, *quid leges sine moribus vanae proficiunt*, "of what avail are laws which are futile without morals?" These apply to our times as well as his, both diagnoses and remedies. These odes and the others in this category must have been as vital a force in reconstruction as the sumptuary laws of the Emperor, which they indeed foreshadow. This universal note must have appealed to two political thinkers like Gladstone and Goldwin Smith. It is present in the "Ship of State,"<sup>20</sup> the "Regulus Ode,"<sup>21</sup> perhaps the noblest thing he wrote, in the "*vis consili expers mole ruit sua*,"<sup>22</sup> which deals with the forces of might versus the forces of civilization and right, in the "*Iustum et tenacum propositi virum*,"<sup>23</sup> and in fact in all those which he wrote to the rising generation, *virginibus puerisque*, in which, like Vergil, he inculcates the ideals of the new *Pax Romana*. The Emperor figures; yes, he will even be regarded as a *praesens divus*,<sup>24</sup> but only if and when he has removed the blots on Rome's escutcheon, has dared to curb the *indomitam licentiam*,<sup>25</sup> has removed the menace of an oriental monarchy; and then his divinity will not be that of the oriental monarch, but of heroes like Hercules, Bacchus, the Dioscuri, and Romulus—the divinity of service to mankind.<sup>26</sup>

No history of philosophy lists Horace among the philosophers, and yet his philosophy of life plays no small part in his universal appeal. As a student at Athens he had studied the tenets of all the schools, and in his later life he again took up the study of philosophy. He was thoroughly conversant with the systems of Academic and Peripatetic, Cynic and Cyrenaic, Stoic and Epicurean. But never, either in early or in later life, could he be called the disciple of any one school. Those who have tried to trace the gradations in his philosophical thought have been tracing a trail in wind-

<sup>20</sup> *Odes* I, 14.<sup>21</sup> *Odes* III, 5.<sup>22</sup> *Odes* III, 4.<sup>23</sup> *Odes* III, 3.<sup>24</sup> *Odes* III, 5.<sup>25</sup> *Odes* III, 24, 28 f.<sup>26</sup> Cf. *Odes* I, 12; III, 3; III, 5.

blown sand. Essentially an anti-extremist, and a non-sectarian, he culled from the teachings of the various philosophies merely what seemed of value to the conduct of the every-day man, and held up to good-natured ridicule their more extreme and impractical paradoxes.

Although he often makes merry with the Stoics, he borrows from them what he thinks worth while, and he borrowed a good deal, especially in the patriotic odes. In spite of his numerous *carpe diem* poems, he laughs at Epicureanism when in his whimsical recantation he calls it an *insaniens sapientia*,<sup>27</sup> and when he dubs himself "a pig from the sty of Epicurus."<sup>28</sup> He jests at the expense of the Cyrenaics, as well as at his own, when he speaks of backsliding into the doctrines of Aristippus.<sup>29</sup> The skepticism of his *credat Iudaicus Apella*<sup>30</sup> applies to a lot more than Judaism.

It is sometimes hard to tell when Horace is laughing and when he is praying. But he performed a real service to all of these philosophies in culling out for the use of the ordinary man those tenets of the various schools which might really serve as a guide for life. He did as much to make the *Golden Mean* a by-word as Aristotle himself; what is more, he observed it consistently. Where has Epicureanism found nobler expression than in the lines<sup>31</sup> so well rendered in Dryden's paraphrase:

Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
He who can call today his own:  
He who secure within can say,  
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.

And where has the ethical side of Stoicism been more finely applied to the problems of a sick society than in the patriotic odes?

<sup>27</sup> *Odes* I, 34, 2.    <sup>28</sup> *Epist.* I, 4, 16.    <sup>29</sup> *Epist.* I, 1, 18.    <sup>30</sup> *Sat.* I, 5, 100.

<sup>31</sup> *Odes* III, 29, 41-48.

Ille potens sui  
laetusque deget, cui licet in diem  
dixisse 'Vixi: cras vel atra  
nube polum Pater occupato  
vel sole puro; non tamen inritum  
quodcumque retro est efficiet neque  
diffinget infectumque reddet  
quod fugiens semel hora vexit.'

In regard to the latter, there are those who maintain that Horace was won over to Stoicism by the program of Augustan reform. He was vitally interested in that reform, as we have already seen, and found much in Stoicism that was applicable to the problems of the state and of disorganized society. But Horace was a slave to no system, and derived selective inspiration from all, and why force consistency upon a man who in the *Epistles* is so ready to admit his own inconsistency? Living is to him an art as well as a philosophy—in his own words, an *ars fruendi*,<sup>32</sup> an art of enjoyment, as Miss Haight has so well pointed out. The art of living is relative in a society made up so largely of individual differences. Remedies vary with the individual, and when to the melancholy he prescribes a pellet, sugar-coated with Epicureanism, and to the frivolous some Stoic wormwood, his inconsistency is after all consistent, in that his objective is the mean. A good pharmacy will carry in stock heart depressants as well as heart stimulants. Passing from the purely physical to non-physical remedies, one may say without qualification that Horace was a good psychiatrist.

His philosophy was a philosophy of common sense, a practical wisdom which adjusted itself to the individual, and not an uncompromising system. In fact he was quite as much indebted to the homely teachings of his father, and the equally homely wisdom of his rustic neighbors, both at Venusia and at the Sabine farm, as he was to either Epicurean or Stoic. The sermonette of Ofellus<sup>33</sup> with his *crassa Minerva*, which one is tempted to render "plain horse sense," and the inimitable parable of the country and the city mouse,<sup>34</sup> the "Old Wives' Tale" put into the mouth of his country neighbor Cervius, belong in the category of the homely thinking of Abraham Lincoln, rather than in that of the more systematic philosophizing of Panaetius and Epicurus. Horace had as fine an education as any man of his time, but he always kept his feet on the ground and his roots in the soil.

Even if Horace had furnished us with nothing more than an anthology of the best in the various philosophical systems, combined with the homely folk-wisdom of his day, one could readily

<sup>32</sup> *Epist.* I, 4, 7.

<sup>33</sup> *Sat.* II, 2.

<sup>34</sup> *Sat.* II, 6.



understand his universal appeal. But he has done much more. Very often he has taken the rough stone and polished it into a gem, set in brief but unforgettable phrase, whose facets still have the bright and sharp definition which they had at the birth-throes of the Roman Empire. Whether philosophical tenet or commonplace maxim, they have, thanks to his *curiosa felicitas*, "his studied felicity," received the impress of his personality. How often does one have to exclaim, as he sees the turn he has given to some old familiar maxim: "That's just it! It could not have been said better!" Many of them the world has not tried to say better, and Horace's happy versions of them have since his day been regarded as final—they have become proverbs. There are perhaps more single-line quotations from him in current use among the educated than from any other source except Shakespeare and the Bible, which of itself is a whole literature.

Petronius, himself no mean critic, considered *curiosa felicitas* as the outstanding quality of Horace. It still is. It is part of his universal appeal, whether we consider individual expressions, such as those we have just mentioned, or whole poems. After a few of his earliest efforts, what was worth doing at all was to him worth doing well. Was he not himself the author of the phrase *limae labor*, "the labor of the file," which was to him equally important whether he was writing a light nothing like the ode to Pyrrha,<sup>35</sup> or the magnificent "Regulus Ode,"<sup>36</sup> or the one on the "Golden Mean?"<sup>37</sup> The *Mona Lisa* of Leonardo is a similar example of "studied felicity." It was not dashed off in an afternoon. Its lasting perfection was the result of four years of careful study, and in the end it was not a portrait but an ideal.

In the case of a man whose very name has come to be used as a designation for a certain type of humor, it seems almost unnecessary to expatiate on humor as one of his universal qualities. And yet there are many who do not naturally associate humor with great literature, even in spite of the fact that the outstanding book in Spanish letters is *Don Quixote*, and that, by almost unanimous consent of critics, *Huckleberry Finn* stands out as the greatest

<sup>35</sup> Odes I, 5.

<sup>36</sup> Odes III, 5.

<sup>37</sup> Odes II, 10.



American novel, and that Shakespeare's comedies have almost as much to do with his world reputation as his tragedies.

Horace's humor was both a natural gift and a philosophy, and was of a type not easily defined by any other term than that of *Horatian*. It is one of the qualities which make him a contemporary in any age. It is much easier to say what it is not than what it is. The quality of his humor is never strained. He does not resort to horseplay, to slapstick comedy, to the variety that is based on exaggeration—though he does tell a few jesting “whoppers”—to pungent epigram, to sarcasm, except perhaps in some of the epodes and satires written before he was thirty; the pun is entirely absent,<sup>38</sup> and he doesn't have to tell funny stories, though he was an excellent raconteur. His sense of the golden mean serves him in good stead here, and keeps him well within any of the extremes. His humor is something more elusive and subtle, and is never forced: to Horace after thirty, laughter is not an end in itself, but only a means. It plays about a subject, without obtruding itself, and centers about the element of surprise, of incongruity, of whimsicality, and the irony of understatement, *parcentis viribus atque extenuantis eas consulto*.<sup>39</sup> After his first early works it is stinging, and his laughter includes himself as well as the object. It is one thing to laugh at a person, and quite another to laugh with him. It is a humor that tickles but does not prick, and still is more effective than the stiletto of epigram, the rapier of wit, or the thumping fist of Dr. Johnson. Writer, subject, and reader laugh good-naturedly together. Persius' lines (as rendered by Gifford) get at the heart of the matter:

Arch Horace, while he strove to mend,  
Probed all the foibles of his smiling friend,  
Played lightly round and round each peccant part,  
And won, unfelt, an entrance to his heart.

There is no greater cleavage between the English-speaking peoples than in the field of humor. And it has been surmised,

<sup>38</sup> His use of oxymoron, as, for example, in *simplex munditiis, magnas inter opes inops, splendide mendax, insanientis sapientiae*, is indeed a play upon words, but does not come under the category of the pun in the sense in which we use it.

<sup>39</sup> *Sat.* 1, 10, 13 f.

not without reason, that Horace played a part in this differentiation. Horace came into vogue in England with the reign of Queen Anne, three-quarters of a century after our grim puritanical ancestors had taken their departure in the Mayflower. From Addison down to the end of the nineteenth century his urbanity, quiet and whimsical irony, humor of understatement, and common-sense view of life exercised a strong appeal. English humor has been characterized as a humor of understatement, American as a humor of overstatement. The former is partly due to the influence of Horace; the latter had its origin not in New England, but in the boisterous pioneer life of a West that knew not Horace. The scene of action, if not the birthplace, of Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, was the frontier West.

Few persons understood better than Horace the therapeutic value of laughter, both for others and for himself. Here his gift passes over into a philosophy. He frequently gives expression to it, as for example "temper the bitter with a gentle laugh,"<sup>40</sup> and "a laugh often cuts to the heart of things better and more forcibly than sharp reproof."<sup>41</sup> There was a lot of wisdom in his *et amara lento temperet risu*.

The depression has been responsible for a marked rise in certain diseases: stomach and duodenal ulcers, diabetes, high blood pressure, and arterio-sclerosis. Not long ago I was being shown by the doctor in charge through a ward in a large hospital filled with patients thus afflicted. I asked him what was the matter with these people. "Worry," was the laconic answer. I suggested that, if worry was the cause, he experiment on a treatment with *Huckleberry Finn*, *Pickwick*, and Stephen Leacock, and not only "smooth out the wrinkles on the brow of care,"<sup>42</sup> as Horace says, but eliminate the cause of the disease.<sup>43</sup> It seemed to me then, as it does now, that the medical profession is overlooking a simple remedy, well known to Horace. He tries it on the love-lorn Tibullus, on the death-fearing Maecenas, and on many others, including the valedudinarian Augustus.

<sup>40</sup> *Odes* II, 16, 26 f.

<sup>42</sup> *Odes* III, 29, 15.

<sup>41</sup> *Sat.* I, 10, 14 f.

<sup>43</sup> *Odes* II, 2, 14 f.

Horace's attitude toward life was often that of the amused spectator, and he lets us see it through his own amused eyes. Catching something of his mood, we stand with him before the fortune tellers' stalls beneath the arches of the Circus,<sup>44</sup> look on at the rustic dance of the Faunalia when the clodhopping diggers of the soil thump with heavy tread the hated earth<sup>45</sup>—reminding us of some Dutch painting; with him we meet Catius<sup>46</sup> hastening homeward to commit to paper the precious gems which he has just heard fall from the lips of a lecturer—on *philosophy*? no—*cooking*; he lets us listen in with him at the sermon of the crazy Damasippus, on “All men are mad except the wise”;<sup>47</sup> and lets us hear an audition from the temperamental virtuoso Tigellius.<sup>48</sup> We view with him John Plebeian on his half-day off, just as seasick in his rented skiff as Crassus in his private yacht.<sup>49</sup>—What a subject for Punch!

Craven says of Leonardo, “He consorted with mutes to observe their gesticulations, . . . he invited peasants to his house, entertained them with stories, marked their peculiarities, and threw them into fits of laughter by caricaturing their queer faces.” Horace had much in common with Leonardo, as well as with Hogarth and the Dutch painters. *Quisquis erit vitae scribam color*.<sup>50</sup> He got a lot of fun out of doing it and lets us see life as he saw it, with the same amusement.

His so-called love poems have long been favorites. Why? Not because they are the outpourings of a broken heart, not because they stirred his soul to the extent that might justify us in calling it the grand passion. They do not depict love as he felt it, but as he saw it, in the capacity of a good-humored and amused spectator of the ways of men—and women—and one who knows the snares: the coquettish Pyrrha, *simplex munditiis* after an hour before the mirror;<sup>51</sup> Lydia who spoils the makings of a good athlete;<sup>52</sup> Lydia who stirs the bile of jealousy with her eternal “Telephus, Telephus”;<sup>53</sup> or who as an aging coquette finds her lovers dropping off;<sup>54</sup> the skittish Chloe;<sup>55</sup> Glycera, Lalage, Lyde, and the rest of them are

<sup>44</sup> *Sat.* I, 6, 113.<sup>47</sup> *Sat.* II, 3.<sup>50</sup> *Sat.* II, 1, 60.<sup>55</sup> *Odes* I, 13.<sup>45</sup> *Odes* III, 18.<sup>48</sup> *Sat.* I, 3.<sup>51</sup> *Odes* I, 5.<sup>54</sup> *Odes* I, 25.<sup>46</sup> *Sat.* II, 4.<sup>49</sup> *Epist.* I, 1, 92 f.<sup>52</sup> *Odes* I, 8.<sup>53</sup> *Odes* I, 23.

mostly studies, seen through an amused and whimsical eye, but not through the experience of a wounded heart.

I have been using the epithet "amused spectator" to describe another of Horace's universal qualities. It is not without significance that Addison's fame is based largely upon the *Spectator*. The periodical, which lasted only twenty months, was ephemeral enough. But its humorous sketches of life and social eccentricities, and its good-humored satire not only made Addison's reputation, but marks the real beginning of Horatian influence on English letters.

Without taking time to evaluate the *Epistle to the Pisos*, or to discuss the question as to whether it was intended to be a complete *Ars Poetica*, or simply some practical suggestions to novices interested in writing drama, there can be no question as to the permanent influence of the work, not only on the eighteenth century, but on literary criticism in general. Even now translations of the *Epistles* are in such demand by students of English that they have to be rebound more frequently than the translations of any other parts of Horace's works. Even if his contribution to literary criticism be confined merely to phrases of his coinage still in current use, his service to the language of criticism is no mean one.

An exhaustive catalogue would take too long. I shall have to content myself with a selective one: The "purple patch"; the "*calida junctura*"; "*usus quem penes arbitrium est et ius et norma loquendi*"; "*denique sit quod vis, simplex dumtaxat et unum*"; "*am-pullas et sesquipedia verba*"; "*non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem*"; "*quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?*"; "*parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*"; "*in medias res*"; "*laudator temporis acti*"; "*limae labor et mora*"; "*scribendi recte sapere est principium et fons*"; "*verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur*"; "*versus inopes rerum nugaeque canorae*"; "*omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*"; "*bonus dormitat Homerus*"; "*ut pictura poesis*"; "*nonumque prematur in annum*"; "*nescit vox missa reverti*." The short lives of most of our best sellers are due in part to ignorance of some of these fundamental and universal precepts.

I have not touched upon the qualities which Horace shares with other poets, ancient and modern. His was a wingless Pegasus,

which did not essay to challenge the great poets of his own country or of Greece in the *os magna sonaturum*.<sup>56</sup> I have confined myself to those aspects of his work which constitute his universal appeal. Even here I have passed over much: his capacity for vivid pictures; his sympathy for, and interest in, the homely religion of the peasant, though a *parcus cultor* of the Olympian gods; his artistic ideals. But the catholic qualities which I have described make him perhaps the best interpreter to our own day of the civilization and culture of the ancient world. More than any other writer, he makes us feel that the gap between his civilization and ours is after all not so very great.

On almost any page one will find something to smile at, some whimsical turn, some piece of homely wisdom put in unforgettable words, some sentiment that is not sentimental, some feeling for the *communis sensus* of mankind, something that has enriched you. You feel that you are, or would like to be, admitted to the circle of his many friends.

We are about to celebrate the two thousandth anniversary of his birth. There are many ways of doing it. We may make out of it a traditional Roman holiday, with much exploitation, beating of tom-toms, publicity, and "bally-hoo" thrown in for good measure. But Horace was, like Leonardo, "indifferent to the hero-worshipping of a populace that boasted so loudly and understood so little."<sup>57</sup> Let us observe his own Golden Mean, and at least begin the celebration by paying the more modest, and perhaps more genuine, tribute of the old mathematician, and read him over again in the original, not before we die, but before we embark on more spectacular ways of celebrating the two thousandth anniversary of our mutual friend.

<sup>56</sup> *Sat.* I, 4, 43 f.

<sup>57</sup> Craven, *Men of Art*, 89. See n. 3.



## HORACE AS AN OCCASIONAL POET

By LOUIS E. LORD  
Oberlin College

Perhaps no poet, certainly no Latin poet, has ever been so much beloved as Horace. On the other hand almost every writer on Horace admits that he is not a poet of the first class; he has not the dignity of Vergil, nor the fire of Catullus, nor the burning enthusiasm of Lucretius. Mr. Mackail in his notable essay on Horace says of the *Odes*:<sup>1</sup>

If the so-called "lyrical cry" be of the essence of a true lyric, they are not true lyrics at all. Few of them are free from a marked artificiality, an almost rigid adherence to canon. Their range of thought is not great; their range of feeling is studiously narrow. Beside the air and fire of a lyric of Catullus, an ode of Horace for the moment grows pale and heavy, *cineris specie decoloratur*. Beside one of the pathetic half-lines of Virgil, with their broken gleams and murmurs as of another world, a Horatian phrase loses lustre and sound.

However much we love Horace we must admit that he is to be ranked with Tennyson rather than with Shakespeare. Yet in one phase of his work I believe that he is very distinctly a poet of the first class, outranking any poet of ancient times and perhaps any poet of modern times except Kipling. I believe that Horace as an occasional poet is almost supreme.

In speaking of occasional poetry I am using the term in the ordinarily accepted meaning of that phrase, i.e., of poems written to commemorate definite events, yet I would rule out of consideration in Horace's case even so fine a poem as his "Fons Bandusiae" (*Carm.* III, 13), and those half-ludicrous, half-serious references to the "gloomy log" which nearly fell on him and put an untimely end to his life (*Carm.* II, 13; III, 8). These poems clearly commemorate events, but they do not seem to me really to come under

<sup>1</sup> J. W. Mackail, *Latin Literature*: New York, Scribner (1895), 112.



the title of occasional poems any more than does Wordsworth's "Ode on the Projected Kendal and Windermere Railroad" or his even more insignificant poem "To a Lady in Answer to a Request that I would Write Her a Poem upon some Drawings that she had made of Flowers in the Island of Madeira." Such a poem could have been an occasion only to the recipient thereof. Occasional poetry, as I am using the term, must be poetry which fittingly commemorates some significant event. To write great occasional poetry the poet must be able to speak for his country or his guild on some important occasion with authority and in words of unforgettable assonance. He must, for the moment, fuse himself so completely with his nation that he is in essence the nation. He must speak so clearly that all men must recognize his voice as the voice of the nation. His fellow-citizens must feel that he has expressed their thoughts in such wise as they would fain have expressed them if they had been chosen to speak for their fellows. And his words must ring so that their sound will be unforgettable, so that men may lift up their heads and say, "That is what our nation feels."

Perhaps I can best illustrate my point by a contemporary example. When Queen Victoria's great jubilee was coming to an end, a jubilee in which the entire British Empire had paid its loving respects to its great ruler on the sixtieth anniversary of her accession, when the pomp and ceremony were all done, Kipling's "Recessional" struck a chord that vibrated through the whole world.

God of our Fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The refrain of this occasional poem is still vibrating. "Lest we forget" is still a compelling phrase. Certain words and phrases, words long forgotten or phrases only infrequently used, were made by the "Recessional" to live again. Until the "Recessional" was written very few people knew what a "shard" was and those who did associated it only with Job and his boils. For years after the "Re-

cessional" shard became a word in common speech. "Far flung" was an alliterative phrase long before Kipling used it, but it was not in common use. Since the "Recessional" all sorts of lines—battle lines, party lines, clothes lines—have been far flung. That Horace could speak for his nation when the nation needed a voice, as no other ancient poet, and that he was in this sense a poet of the very first order, I think I can show by an analysis of his occasional poetry.

From his *Odes* and *Epodes* at least twenty-four such poems can be selected. They cover a space of twenty-nine years, beginning in 42 with the sixteenth epode and closing in 13, the last year of his active literary life, with the last ode of the fourth book. This is a remarkable performance. It means an average of almost one excellent occasional poem a year during his entire literary career. It means almost two a year if we exclude the years 37 to 32 and the years 23 to 17, during which, apparently, no such poetry was written. Not only did he write this occasional poetry in his youth and during his most productive period, the period of middle life when most men do their best literary work, but the excellence of his occasional poetry continued and even increased until the very end. Such a phenomenon is, I believe, unique in literary history.

Horace's earliest poem is the sixteenth epode,<sup>2</sup> written probably in 42. Returning from Philippi impoverished, friendless, despairing of the future of the Roman state, he pictures in this epode its decadent condition:

Already a second generation is being outworn with civil wars and Rome is rushing to destruction by her own force. Rome, which neither our neighbors, the Marsians, could overthrow, nor the Etruscan band of threatening Por-sena, nor the jealous courage of Capua, nor fierce Spartacus, nor the Allob-roges, faithless in times of treason; nor could fierce Germany with her blue-eyed band subdue her, nor Hannibal, accused by our parents. We, an impious generation with a curse in our blood, shall destroy her and again shall the land be the home of wild beasts.

Of course, all freshmen think that *parentibus abominatus Hannibal*<sup>3</sup> means "Hannibal accused by *his* parents," but even that shrewd bit of insight cannot dim the dignity or the feeling of the

<sup>2</sup> *Epod.* xvi, 1-10.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 8.

opening lines of this ode. No translation can preserve the vividness of the Latin or the heavily weighted cadence of the hexameters written without a single caesura through the whole poem. Lines like the following:

impia perdemus devoti sanguinis aetas,  
ferisque rursus occupabitur solum.<sup>4</sup>

give some idea of the weighted march of the hexameters, coupled with the steady beat of the alternate trimeter lines that preserve in their echoes the real epodic structure. It is as great poetry from that technical point of view as is the nineteenth Psalm, "The Heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." Lines like

Barbarus heu cineres insistet victor et urbem  
eques sonante verberabit ungula,<sup>5</sup>

imitate in their beating rhythm the horse hoofs which are to ring on the streets of deserted Rome where the horseman treads all unwittingly on the graves of Roman heroes. In his despair the poet sees no escape for his friends except to abandon Italy forever, to go whithersoever the winds call them. The call of the winds is echoed in haunting lines like these:

ire pedes quocumque ferent, quocumque per undas  
Notus vocabit aut protervus Africus.<sup>6</sup>

The poet and his friends, all those who were unwilling to "sleep to the end on their ill-omened couches," are to embark for the islands of the blest:

Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus; arva, beata  
petamus arva, divites et insulas;<sup>7</sup>

those islands of which Eugene Field writes in sympathetic imitation of this ode,

O come with me to the blessed isles  
In the golden haze out yonder,  
Where the song of the sun-kissed breeze beguiles  
And the ocean loves to wander.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, 9.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, 11.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, 21.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, 41.

<sup>8</sup> *The Happy Isles.*

Two years later, in almost as bleak despair, Horace wrote the seventh epode, urging his countrymen not to plunge the state again into the maelstrom of civil war. Casting the ode in dramatic form, which he had used with such telling effect in the preceding poem, he asks in warning voice, "Has too little Latin blood been shed on land and sea, shed not that the Romans might burn the proud citadel of jealous Carthage or that the far away Briton might walk in chains down the sacred way, but that, as the Parthians pray, this city might perish by her own right hand?"

intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet  
Sacra catenatus via,<sup>9</sup>

. . . . .

For the six years that followed Horace's occasional muse was silent, six years during which much happened to the poet. He fell into the congenial society of Vergil and was adopted into the literary circle of Maecenas, and then came the Battle of Actium in 31. As Maecenas was leaving the city to engage in this battle on the side of Octavian, Horace wrote for him the first epode. The poem is a sincere expression of his devotion to Maecenas. The perils of the state and of Octavian are only touched upon in a single line, "Maecenas is prepared to share every danger of Caesar at the risk of his own life."<sup>10</sup> Horace's devotion to Maecenas was certainly sincere; and from the bottom of his heart he speaks when he says, "Gladly will I fight through this war and every war in the hope of thy gratitude, not that more oxen may toil through fields yoked to my plows, or that flocks of mine may exchange the Calabrian pastures for those of Lucania, or that a shining villa of mine may border the Circean walls of lofty Tusculum."<sup>11</sup>

Some months later, when news of the victory of Octavian at Actium reached Rome, Horace again wrote to Maecenas, this time the ninth epode. His joy is here again mostly for Maecenas, but Caesar's victory plays a much larger part in this ode than did his peril in the preceding poem. The splendid lines in which he pays tribute to Octavian must have echoed long in the heart of every Roman who sincerely longed for peace:

<sup>9</sup> *Epod.* VII, 7.

<sup>10</sup> *Epod.* I, 3.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, 23.

Io Triumphe, tu moraris aureos  
 currus et intactas boves?  
 Io Triumphe, nec Iugurthino parem  
 bello reportasti ducem,  
 neque Africanum, cui super Carthaginem  
 virtus sepulcrum condidit.<sup>12</sup>

A year later, in September, 30, the news reached Rome that the civil war was really over and that Antony and Cleopatra were dead in Alexandria. Horace celebrated the close of the war in a splendid ode (I, 37). It begins, as did the celebration for the victory at Actium, with a call to drink. Perhaps this should not be stressed, but it is rather significant that epode nine opens with

Quando repostum Caecubum ad festas dapes  
 victore laetus Caesare  
 tecum sub alta (sic Iovi gratum) domo,  
 beate Maecanas, bibam<sup>13</sup>

and the ode on the death of Cleopatra begins

Nunc est bibendum, . . .<sup>14</sup>

The first twenty lines of the ode are devoted to a vivid description of Octavian's pursuit of the defeated forces of Antony and Cleopatra, though with true Roman pride Antony's name is never mentioned. Then when Horace has expressed the joy of every patriotic Roman over the fall of the degenerate Antony and his queen, Horace strikes a new note which must again have found an echo in every generous Roman heart. It is a note not so common as we could wish in Roman literature, a note of sincere appreciation for the bravery of an enemy:

But she [Cleopatra] striving for a nobler death showed no womanish fear of the sword nor did she strive to win hidden shores with her swift fleet. She dared even to see her palace lying in ruins with a countenance quite unmoved, brave enough to handle poisonous serpents that she might drink their dark venom into her blood. Her courage rising with her determination to die, of course she scorned to let the fierce Liburnian galley lead her, a private citizen, to a haughty triumph—no humble woman she,<sup>15</sup>

non humilis mulier triumpho.

<sup>12</sup> *Epod.* IX, 21.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, 1.

<sup>14</sup> *Carm.* I, 37, 1.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, 21.

Probably the next year Horace wrote the great ode to which he gives second place in the collection of three books published in 23, the first ode being a dedication to Maecenas, his friend. It is a call to Octavian to save the country from the threatened renewal of anarchy. After speaking of earlier disasters the poet suggests different defenders who may be called to the salvation of the tottering state. Each is tacitly rejected and then in the last two stanzas the poet appeals directly to Octavian in his guise of Mercury on earth:

Late mayst thou return to the sky and long mayst thou dwell benignly among the people of Quirinus, and may no too swift breeze bear thee away estranged by our vices; here rather mayst thou prefer great triumphs, here mayst thou prefer to be called father and chief citizen, mayst thou not allow the Medes to ride unavenged on their forays, thou, our leader, Caesar.<sup>16</sup>

Only in the original Latin can this ode be appreciated. Each sapphic stanza is a complete unit, like a radiant gem in a lustrous string. Often the point of each stanza is reserved till the last word and Caesar's name is never mentioned until the closing word of the whole ode, when it comes with the ringing clearness of a cheer in the mouths of his countrymen:

serus in caelum redeas diuque  
laetus intersis populo Quirini,  
neve te nostris vitiis iniquum  
ocior aura

tollat; hic magnos potius triumphos,  
hic ames dici pater atque princeps,  
neu sinas Medos equitare inultos  
te duce, Caesar.

On October 29, 28 B.C., Octavian dedicated the splendid new temple of Apollo on the Palatine. The ceremonies must have been magnificent, but to a certain part of Rome, the literary guilds, the dedication was especially significant because connected with the temple was a great public library. For his fellow craftsmen Horace wrote the thirty-first ode of Book I. "What then does the bard demand of Apollo now enshrined? What shall he ask as he pours the

<sup>16</sup> *Carm.* I, 2, 45.



fresh wine from his goblet? Not the rich fields of fertile Sardinia nor the pleasant flocks of sunny Calabria nor the gold or the ivory of Ind nor those quiet fields which the silent river Liris washes with its gentle stream."<sup>17</sup> The poet's prayer is, "Grant me, I pray, O son of Leto, that I may enjoy my possessions and that in good health with mind unobscured I may pass an old age not disgraced and not without song."

Frui paratis et valido mihi,  
Latoë, dones et, precor, integra  
cum mente nec turpem senectam  
degere nec cithara carentem.<sup>18</sup>

The next year, 27, again fearful for the safety of the state, Horace wrote his famous ode "On the Ship of State" (I, 14). The ode is in itself not so remarkable as is the change of feeling which the poet has undergone in the years since he wrote his first occasional poem in 42. In the fifteen years that had elapsed Horace had come to feel that the state, once a thing upon which he looked "with apprehension and disgust," has now "become my heart's desire and deep solicitude."<sup>19</sup> He prays that the state may successfully avoid those "treacherous waters that flow among the shining Cyclades."

That same year Octavian set forth for the West on a mission from which he might not return. Horace again speaks for his countrymen (*Carm.* I, 35) in a fervid prayer that fortune "Preserve Caesar as he is about to go against the Britons who live at the end of the earth."<sup>20</sup> The ode ends with a prayer for the unification of his countrymen against the enemy with the words: "O, would that upon a new anvil thou mightst forge again our blunted sword against the Massagetae and the Arabs."

In this year, 27, Octavian was given the title of Augustus. A milestone in Roman history is here passed, and at this milestone many historians think that the Roman Republic passed unconsciously into the Roman Empire. In the midst of all the rejoicing that must have accompanied this great event, when the hopes of Romans were exalted and their eyes were fixed on the

<sup>17</sup> *Carm.* I, 31, 1.

<sup>19</sup> *Carm.* I, 14, 17.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, 17-20.

<sup>20</sup> *Carm.* I, 35, 29.



majesty of the empire, Horace wrote his most significant occasional poetry, not one single ode as heretofore, but a group of six with which the third book begins. So unified in tone are these odes that some editors have thought that they were merely separate divisions of a single long poem. They do not glorify Octavian-Augustus, they do not speak of his exploits, they do not encourage his countrymen to hope. The note struck in these six noble poems is a note of warning. It is the same note which Kipling struck in his "Recessional" at the close of the Queen's jubilee. These odes might well be headed "Lest we forget." In them Horace warns his countrymen, he calls their attention to the seeds of decay that are in the state. He would fain have them turn their eyes backward to the great heroes of the republic. In these odes he assumes the rôle of a sacred bard inspired to preach repentance. Nowhere else is Horace the preacher. The first stanza sets the tone for all the poems: "I hate the vulgar common crowd and I avoid it; give me a religious silence, for I, the sacred priest of the muses, am to sing songs not heard before to the maids and the youths."<sup>21</sup> There is no space to analyze these poems in detail. They are filled with lines and phrases that have echoed through the cycles of Roman poetry and through our own literature. Such are "punishment with halting tread" (III, 2, 32), "force without wisdom falls of its own weight" (III, 4, 65), "the man of fixed and certain purpose" (III, 3, 1), "behind the horseman sits dark care" (III, 1, 40), "sweet and glorious it is to die for one's country" (III, 2, 13). The fifth ode in this series has always seemed to me Horace's greatest production. It is the story of the great Roman hero, Regulus, who, his army captured at Carthage, was sent to Rome by the Carthaginians as an envoy to secure peace and an exchange of prisoners. The success of the embassy meant his own freedom, in case of its failure he promised to return to Carthage where he knew he would be put to death with torture; but in spite of this he advised and urged the Senate to reject the terms and then returned to keep his oath. After the stress and passion of Regulus' appeal to the Roman statesmen to reject the insulting conditions of peace, the ode

<sup>21</sup> *Carm.* III, 1, 1.

closes with that true Greek restraint which Horace best of all Roman poets knew how to use:

Men say that he put from him the kiss of his chaste wife and his little children as if he were unworthy, and that he sternly turned his manly countenance toward the ground until with such advice as was never elsewhere given he might strengthen the wavering counsel of the senators, and hasten forth amid his sorrowing friends, a glorious exile. And yet he knew what torture his barbarous enemy was preparing for him and still he put from him the relatives who crowded about him and the people who would fain delay his return as if the weary business of his retainers had been settled, the suit adjudged, and he were hastening forth to the Venafran fields or Lacedaemonian Tarentum.<sup>22</sup>

In the year 24 Horace wrote two occasional poems of very different character. One (*Carm.* III, 14) is on the safe return of Augustus from the West after three years of absence. The ode has an intensely personal character; it expresses the poet's own joy at the continued security of the world which Augustus' return promised. Ten years later he was to express, as no one else could, the joy, not of personal but of national safety. He is now, as he says, older than he was when he wrote the passionate poetry of the epodes:

Lenit albescens animos capillus  
litium et rixae cupidos protervae;  
non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuventa  
consule Planco.<sup>23</sup>

Tumult and strife no longer attract him, if they ever did, and now he will no longer fear "civil insurrection and violent death" while Caesar holds the world,

tenente  
Caesare terras.<sup>24</sup>

The other ode written in this year was the twenty-fourth of the first book, that noble ode in which Horace with Roman dignity and Greek restraint tries to console his friend Vergil for the mutual loss they have sustained in the death of Quintilius Varus. The expressions of Roman grief are often monumental. But very seldom has "that monumental resignation" been so delicately tempered with personal feeling as it has in this ode, which closes with

<sup>22</sup> *Carm.* III, 5, 41.

<sup>23</sup> *Carm.* III, 14, 25.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, 15.

that pure Roman note, "Hard it is; but patience makes lighter that which Heaven forbids us to correct,"

Durum: sed levius fit patientia  
quicquid corrigere est nefas.<sup>25</sup>

The next year Horace again glorifies Augustus' mission as the heaven-sent ruler of the world in the twelfth ode of the first book. The tone of this ode is very close to that of the second ode of the first book, but in point of composition it is six years later. It might have been a great birthday ode in honor of Augustus; he is glorified as the end of a long line of Roman heroes, but the choice of the heroes whom Horace regards as Augustus' predecessors is most significant. They are those who were known for their frugality as well as for their high patriotism: Regulus, Paulus, Fabricius, Curius, Camillus. Scipio is not mentioned, nor Fabius Maximus, but from the great Punic War Horace selects Marcellus, "whose fame is increasing as a tree that shows not its age."<sup>26</sup> The reference is obviously to the great Marcellus, the sword of Rome, but the delicate compliment to Augustus' nephew and son-in-law, Marcellus, could not fail to be understood.

After this ode there follows an interval of six years during which Horace seems to have written no occasional poetry. In 17, however, Augustus determined upon the celebration of the *Ludi Saeculares*. It was to be a festival such as no Roman had ever seen and no living Roman would see again, for it was no less than an imperial jubilee commemorating the end of four great cycles of Rome's existence. The celebration was to last for three days. One of its features was to be a great hymn sung by twenty-seven boys and twenty-seven girls on the Palatine and again on the Capitoline Hill. Horace was asked by Augustus to write this hymn, creating him in fact poet laureate of Rome. It was a proud distinction. Horace had several times already been asked to write elaborate official poems (*Carm.* I, 6; IV, 2), but he had, on each occasion, adroitly refused, writing instead a graceful complimentary poem excusing himself and pleading his inability to write Pindaric verse. On this occasion he could not refuse.

<sup>25</sup> *Carm.* I, 24, 19.

<sup>26</sup> *Carm.* I, 12, 45.

Now an appointment to be poet laureate usually has the effect of completely silencing the poet or of causing him to produce such lame and labored verse that if he were not a poet laureate it certainly would never receive attention. In sixteenth century Italy Tasso avoided an appointment as poet laureate by dying, although his death did not prevent him from writing a considerable amount of very inferior poetry. Now contemplate what has happened to the English laureate. In the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, a fairly conservative collection, only half of the poets laureate from the time of Henry III are honored by having any of their works included. Consider the list of inglorious, if not mute, Miltons that followed the deposition of Dryden in 1670. Here are those immortal bards who were deemed worthy to write for the English crown: Thomas Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, the Rev. Laurence Eusden, Colby Cibber, William Whitehead (appointed after the poet Gray refused to serve), the Rev. Thomas Warton, Henry Pye. At this juncture, 1790, the office had sunk so low that the historian Gibbon advised that the laureateship be abolished. It was offered to Scott, who declined it. He said "that he did not want to incur the charge which Tom Moore had already made of being a kind of poet usher to the great world." One of his friends, the Duke of Buccleugh, had the same view. He wrote Scott, "The post is slightly ridiculous, the poet laureate would stick to you and your productions like a piece of court plaster. Your muse has hitherto been independent, don't put her in harness." Scott further felt that he could not write a birthday ode each year for the Regent, as he would be required to do if he were poet laureate; and so he declined, offering as an excuse the fact that he already held two offices, namely, Clerk of the Session and Deputy Sheriff of Selkirkshire. He apparently felt that the duty of chasing Scotch marauders and cattle lifters was more attractive than wearing the laureate's crown. See what the last three poets laureate have done for us. Alfred Austin was so mute that Parliament actually considered the possibility of changing the cask of canary wine, which was part of his stipend, to some more potent brand in the hope of getting some results, however slight, for the pension they were expending. Robert Bridges left the world shortly after producing

that curious document, *A Testament of Beauty*. Even his best friends shake their heads over that and change the subject when it is mentioned. And John Masfield, who was appointed in 1930, has written since that time two passable novels but not a single poem. In view of this fact is it any wonder that the *Carmen Saeculare* which Horace wrote in 17 for this great celebration is a trifle stilted and a little cold? The greater wonder is that he wrote anything at all worthy of remembrance. Compare Tennyson's "Jubilee Ode" written on the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession. Nothing in the *Carmen Saeculare* can be selected as stiff or prosaic as this stanza:

You, that wanton in affluence,  
Spare not now to be bountiful,  
Call your poor to regale with you,  
All the lowly, the destitute,  
Make their neighborhood healthfuller,  
Give your gold to the hospital,  
Let the weary be comforted,  
Let the needy be banqueted,  
Let the maim'd in his heart rejoice  
At this glad Ceremonial,  
And this year of her Jubilee.

And in considering the *Carmen Saeculare* we must always remember that it was written to be sung as part of a great pageant. That function it very well fulfills—dignified, solemn, majestic. If we could hear the fifty-four young voices chant it, I am quite sure that criticism would be silent.

The last three years of Horace's active life as a poet, 15–13, are marked by no fewer than five remarkable occasional poems. In 15 he wrote the second and fifth odes of the fourth book and in 13 odes four, fourteen, and fifteen of the same book.

Lollius had been defeated on the Rhine in 16. Augustus with his two stepsons, Drusus and Tiberius, left Rome immediately to retrieve this disaster and to strengthen the frontiers in Switzerland and on the Rhine. These five poems celebrate the achievements of the great emperor and his two stepsons. Augustus' praises are sung in the second ode, Drusus' in the fourth, and Tiberius' in the fourteenth. Five and fifteen are appreciations of Augustus and



his work. The fifth poem opens with those noble lines that express, as no other Roman poet could, the affection of the Roman people for their great chief citizen. Augustus was not a warm-hearted man; he did not inspire the personal love that Julius Caesar did; he was a Wilson and not a Theodore Roosevelt. Horace had refused to be his private secretary, but as a Roman and as the spokesman of his country he expressed that deep debt of gratitude to the emperor, that pride in his achievements and that devotion to his person which every Roman felt:

Thou who wast born when the gods were kind, great guardian of the race of Romulus, too long hast thou been from us; thou didst promise a speedy return to the sacred assembly of the senators, come back. Restore the light, good leader, to thy country; for like the spring when thy countenance shines upon thy people happier goes the day and brighter shines the sun. As a mother with vows and omens and prayers calls for her son whom the east wind with envious blast hath detained from his dear home, delaying beyond the waters of the Caspian sea for more than a year, and she turns not her eyes from the curved shore, so the fatherland smitten with sincere longing calls for Caesar.

O, mayst thou, good leader, grant a long holiday to the land of the setting sun. This is our prayer in the morning ere we have drunk, with the day still before us, and this we say when we have drunk, and the sun hath sunk beneath ocean.<sup>27</sup>

In the last ode of this fourth book the poet laureate paid his final and sincere tribute to his emperor, voicing again the feelings of his united countrymen:

When I wished to sing of battles and conquered cities, Phoebus warned me with his lyre not to spread my little sails over the Tyrrhenian sea. Thine age, O Caesar, hath brought back fertile crops to the fields, it hath restored to the temple of our Jupiter the standards torn from the haughty pillars of the Parthians, it hath closed the door of the temple of Janus free from wars, it hath put a check upon license wandering beyond due order, it hath utterly cast out sin and recalled the ancient arts through which the Latin name and the might of Italy have increased and the fame and the majesty of her empire have been flung from the rising of the sun to his couch in the west. While Caesar is lord of our fortunes no civil madness or strife shall break our peace, nor wrath which forges swords and renders hostile wretched cities. Those who drink of the deep Danube shall not break the edicts of Julius, nor the Getae nor the

<sup>27</sup> *Carm.* iv, 5, 1.



Chinese nor the faithless Persians nor those who were born by Tanais' flood. And we on holidays and on work-days in the midst of the gifts of jocund Liber with our children and our wives, first having in due order prayed to the gods, shall sing as did our fathers of the heroes whose good work is done, to the accompanying strain of the Lydian flute, and of Troy and Anchises and the offspring of fostering Venus.<sup>28</sup>

So, at the very close of his literary career, when his lighter verses were done, Horace still retained that unique power to write occasional verse which is denied to so many poets. He not only retained his power but it was even enhanced. His later verses show no less inspiration than his earlier work. There is no lessening of his vigor. But as his outlook on life mellowed and as he recognized more and more the supreme debt which the state owed to Augustus, his love of the emperor and his appreciation of his greatness increased and he was to express for his countrymen that love and that appreciation in lines of monumental dignity. Horace pays tribute frequently to his Greek masters. But no Greek taught him to write that final ode. Its thought and its tone are Roman; its words are the words of men who crushed the barbarian in the sands of Egypt and the snows of Thrace, who guarded the Euphrates and the Danube and the Rhine, in whose presence the tumult of the world was hushed, so that a whisper from the Palatine was heard by all mankind—a Greek ode compared with this imperial dignity “is as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto unto wine.” And the prayer made by the poet years ago to Apollo was heard and answered. To him it was given to pass an old age “not disgraced and not without song.”<sup>29</sup>

It would be an attractive study to follow the career of the phrases coined by Horace in these immortal odes, to trace their echoes down the centuries in the sonorous speech of later Roman poets, and their translations in the prose and poetry of our own day. But that, as the poet to whom I have so often referred would say, is another story.

<sup>28</sup> *Carm.* IV, 15, 1.

<sup>29</sup> *Carm.* I, 31, 19.

## HORACE'S DEFINITION OF POETRY

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By TENNEY FRANK  
Johns Hopkins University

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Poetry seems to be on the defensive, and much that went into verse in times past would now be said in prose. Horace's broad definition of poetry, which included "utility" as well as emotional stimulus, is not now generally accepted. The range of poetic themes is in fact wide enough, but each critic insists on restricting its scope to conform to his own theory. On the one hand Benedetto Croce has insisted that "the only proper object of aesthetic consideration today is the poetry that is nothing but poetry, or, as it is also called, pure poetry"; and there are many who hold to this doctrine. At the other extreme is found the group of serious-minded missionaries, especially among the socialistic poets and artists, who will consider no art as of value unless it teaches society what it considers a salutary lesson. This school—from Ribera and Benton to the poets praised by the "Masses"—is having a very remarkable vogue at present. Somewhere between these, usually approaching the former, are the imagists, the symbolists, the impressionists, the abstractionists, the neo-Donne intellectualists, the versifying devotees of the new psychology, and the obscurantists. How the conflict will end in the far distant future does not concern us greatly here.

Any age may have the right to make its own definitions. It has no right, however, to impose those definitions on the past. We may now prefer to think of autos, railway cars, and aeroplanes as vehicles of transportation, but we can hardly presume to criticize past generations for having called horse-drawn carriages and sedan chairs by that name. If Homer and Lucretius, Dante, Horace, and Vergil (as represented by the *Georgics*) included in their work much matter that modern "pure poets" or the communistic group

refuse to consider appropriate, that does not remove them from the choir of the elect. What I wish, then, to say first of all is that the critic must have some historical sense when he makes definitions, and must show some regard for the age-old meanings of words. As the practitioners of physical science today have lost all consciousness of the meaning of *scientia*, endeavoring to exclude from its range all "knowing" that is not "verifiable" by experiment in a laboratory—thus suffocating a good term—so the critics of poetry do violence to a venerable word in their endeavor to promote their own particular preferences.

Horace's definition and practice recognized a very wide range for poetry, and therein he was historically sound. "Poetry" had at first encompassed the whole field of self-expression, since it had its origins before the day of writing, when it was important to compose in verse that could readily be memorized. Homer's story, Xenophanes' philosophic imaginings, Hesiod's theogony, Solon's instructions, Sappho's lyrics, Aeschylus' dramas, and in fact everything went into verse, and verse that was compact enough to serve memory and imaginative enough to attract the interests of men. These were not just versifiers; they were poets. The tradition that poetry could express itself on any subject had thus been established early, and that tradition was very much alive in Horace's day. Not only did Hellenistic poets write national epics and scientific treatises in verse, but at Rome Ennius and Naevius had produced annalistic epics, Vergil had recently composed his *Georgics*, and Lucretius his *De Rerum Natura*. To be sure, Aristotle had long before seen that prose had developed skill in exposition and narration which would fit it to be a worthy rival of poetry in some of the fields, and his own definition of poetry emphasized emotional delight above "utility." But the serious-minded, who nevertheless refused to follow Plato in banishing Homer from the ideal state, searched still for useful lessons in Homer—even if they had to allegorize him to save his "usefulness," and provide an excuse for reading him.

I do not intend to say that Aristotle's view lost favor only because of a desire to make Homer seem "useful." Though Aristotle had not misstated his case and though his emphasis was correct,

some of his followers had gone too far in excluding didactic and ethical content from consideration. They cannot be excluded. Man is too intricate a conglomerate of sensitivity, will, intellect, imagination, and fancy to permit artistic self-expression to limit itself to any one narrow faculty. "Art for art's sake" leaves too much of a rich human nature out of the reckoning. There are times when sensuous poetry must be "a criticism of life," if a whole man is behind it. There are times when "beauty is truth, truth beauty," if the poet is so richly endowed that the two are integral and inseparable parts of his nature. There is as much wishful feeling in aesthetics as there is wishful thinking in logic. The painters, composers, and poets who today insist on producing "pure art" are often thin-souled men and women who work dryly at a mental formula that would never have appealed to men of rich endowments like Vergil, Shakespeare, Beethoven. The "pure poet" really does not exist any more than did that abstraction "the economic man" whom our earlier economists used to posit on Robinson Crusoe's island. What we need is a *Gestalttheorie* of art that permits a whole soul to operate with all its wealth of mind and spirit. And, if the poet is a complete man, he is more than an aesthetic sensitive plant: he responds to the needs and cries of his fellow-men and of his society organized into a state, to the attainments of the intellect, to ethical values, and even to the things that make for smiles. Has any critic the right to come now and whittle the generous definition of poetry down to a cheese-paring and say that that must be the limit of a man's expression?

It may be in place to add that some of the incomplete art comes from worthy experimenters who are frankly trying to discover or develop a new technique for later artists to use. It is not always their fault if a deluded public, having heard of the new experiment, buys it as adequate work. A machinist may gain fame by inventing a new spark-plug, but no one would call it an auto. Much that passes for art in painting and poetry was only meant at first to supply new and superior "gadgets" for a complete product. But a great work of art is more than a clever "gadget" or two.

In the *Ars Poetica* Horace makes rather short work of definition. He takes for granted that a poem must be a work of art (*pulchrum*,

99), that the poet is full of knowledge and understanding (*sapere est et principium et fons*, 309), and that he has the native endowment of inspiration (*divite vena*, 409); then poetry will be a thing to charm or to instruct or preferably both (*qui miscuit utile dulci*, 343). To appreciate the full connotation of these comprehensive words one must refer to Horace's odes.

Horace was a part of his own people politically. His first serious poem (*Epode* 16) was a rebel's manifesto issued to the whole of Rome to cease fighting and to go in search of a land of peace. The subject is not one for "pure poetry." Since it was an answer to Vergil's "Messianic" eclogue which employed poetic imagery, Horace too adopted allegory; and since to Horace beauty and truth and morality were too intimately merged to separate, he fused his moral purpose into an image of beauty. To separate these elements would be like separating a rose into chlorophyll and pulp.

In the third book of Horace's odes there are at the beginning two odes (3 and 5) that convey in references to the past the poet's own conceptions of a great Rome to be. Prose could not have conveyed his meaning. The image of Juno in the council of the gods endows his lesson with a sublime dignity that lifts it high above direct statement, and the dramatic self-abasement of Regulus, a powerful passage worthy of any tragedy, carries national morality into the realms of deeply stirred emotions. Since Rome is so far away, it may take an effort for us to feel intensely for Horace's state, but that is not Horace's fault. If the state were ours we should feel it, intensely.

On the theme most popular in the lyric poetry of the nineteenth century Horace has little to say. He came to the task too late, after the defeat of the enthusiasms that had made him risk his life in civil rebellion. He began to write songs at the age when Catullus stopped. He himself confesses that the fervor of his youth, *consule Planco*, was gone. But few would care to raise the question now, when the theme of love is seldom found in verse. Today at least no one claims that it is the sole theme of lyric verse.

The many playful poems on his imagined loves, at times embodying an attractive picture, at times playing in the realm of "wit," he doubtless would assign to the class of *dulce*. *Pulchra*—



satisfying the canons of art—they certainly are. Mackail ends his delightful study of "Quis multa gracilis" (?) (*Cl. Rev.*, 1921, 7) with the just estimate: "The picture, the incident, you may say, is trivial and even vulgar, whether long ago on the Esquiline or now at Hampstead. Quite so. Out of such things the stuff of life is woven. Horace has distilled from it an essence, has immortalised it. That is what poetry and poetry alone can do." If one could write so charmingly one would say as much for "Lydia dic per omnes," "O matre pulchra," "Mater saeva Cupidinum," "Integer vitae," "Vitas inuleo," "Ulla si juris," "Quid fles, Asterie," "Donec gratus eram tibi," "Miserarumst neque amori," and a dozen others. Artful structure, polished phrasing, quick fantasies, exquisite intaglios that please the eye, nice wit, a keen observation of actual moods, and—why not say it?—a gentleman's code, go into all. They are not stirring verses, but they are richly condimented with the stuff that makes poetry.

Again, the religious theme never reaches the heights of sublimity with him—the philosophic attitude toward life precluded the mysticism that would make it possible. But genuine devotion does inspire real poetry in him, or, rather, he has the sympathetic imagination that can make the simple, honest faith of his hillside neighbors worthy of a song. Wordsworth has not more effectively communicated the devotion of an honest creed than has Horace in "Rustica Phidyle," "Faune nympharum," "Montium custos," and "O fons Bandusiae," in all of which the poet is the spokesman of his peasant folk offering their humble prayers in all sincerity. The gods of the state evoke no such genuine prayers from him, but the myths have a picturesque and whimsical side that calls for his engraver's burin. The ode to Mercury has not one least spark of devotional inspiration, but the cameo which he produces for the eye to look at is exquisite work. The myth of Hypermnestra is a story that was timely enough when the statues of the fifty Danaids had recently been erected in the portico of the great public library on the Palatine. The story is made to carry a surprisingly heterodox moral—an element of artistic surprise—but it is told for the capricious beauty of the myth, and placed in a personal setting that adds to the human interest. There are others of the kind, with no



trace of devotional lyricism, but who would dare say that this is not poetry?

Perhaps the moralizing odes do least to satisfy prevailing definitions of poetry. It is customary now to blame Horace for the fact that in Pope's day versified "wisdom-literature" was accepted into the body of English verse at the expense of imaginative writing. He was in fact somewhat to blame. What one may resent, perhaps, is the fact that, having acquired skill in the use of the lyric forms of Sappho and Alcaeus, he went on to employ for gnomic purposes these stanzas already packed with other connotations. Had he created for them a new couplet not associated with subjective lyricism, a serious cause of complaint might have been removed. But again even these odes are often very poetic. For example, the ode written for the Boy Scouts (the "Iuvenes," III, 2) contains as much pure didacticism as any, but the vision of the anxious girl whose lover must face the Roman warrior in battle, the elation of spirit in the phrase

virtus recludens immeritis mori  
caelum,

the Roman dignity of the line, now so unpopular,

dulce et decorumst pro patria mori,

all reveal a poet's intensity fusing ethical content into an imaginative mold that makes the verses sing to the spirit. I hope the boys had music for the lines. Inspiring national anthems are few; this is one.

The most didactic of all is perhaps "Rectius vives" with its insistence upon the Golden Mean—not a poetic doctrine. Every line is instructive, every line is now a quotation. But every line is a vivid picture as well:

Saepius ventis agitur ingens  
pinus, et celsae graviore casu  
decidunt turres feriuntque summos  
fulgura montes.

One can read it for its imagery and inspired phrasing with such delight that its protreptic quality vanishes. A second reading is necessary to catch its purpose. This is teaching, but the teacher is

a poet. Today we prefer to separate the two functions; but why? Man is "a social animal," which means that morals penetrate as deeply into his fabric as instincts. This poem provides us with something more than mere decorated moralizing. The truth and the beauty well up inseparably. I admit that Horace is not always so well compounded. When hunks of ethics emerge at prosaic moments and the honey is obviously smeared on extraneously, one may well object. "Nullus argento" very nearly answers this description. But in general Horace is a man in whom moral ideas are permeated with beauty.

The extreme of the didactic impulse today is found in the bitter communistic verse that has gained almost as great a vogue during the "depression" as the painting that came from Russia via Mexico into the most luxurious structure of New York. This is doubtless a passing phase. In Auden and Spender this impulse has produced some fervor and not a little imaginative suggestiveness. It has warped the logic of one of our most gifted critics; and in its barest forms it has resorted too often to blasphemy and four-letter Anglo-Saxon words of cloacal origin to appeal to normal human beings. One notes with some surprise that Horace occasionally had moods of this same kind. If one cared to translate "Intactis opulentior" (III, 24), his bitterest satire on dishonest luxury, or "Non ebur neque aureum" (II, 18) into blunt Menckenesese, the parallelism would be readily apparent. But in these two odes Horace is merely trying to be a reformer. The lyric mold is here out of place; satirical hexameters would have done the work more fittingly.

If one were to survey the wide range of Horace's conception of the *utile* in song, one might speak of the magnificent rhetoric of "Tyrrhena regum," worthily Englished by Dryden's "Happy the man, and happy he alone," of the exhortation to the prince to restore the fallen temples (III, 6), the ode on "compensation" (III, 1), "Tu ne quaesieris" with its advice against astrological trumpery, "Nullam, Vare, sacra," warning against orgiastic emotionalism in religion, "Aequam memento" which recalls what roses are meant for, "Eheu fugaces," "Iam pauca aratro," "Otium divos," and many others that prove the poet's interest in his fellow-men. But it is not my purpose to list and classify. My object

was simply to recall once more the fact that Horace had no petty theory regarding the function of poetry, that his poetry ranged through all the normal interests of a living, sensitive, wise, open-eyed observer of nature and human nature, that in his own odes he justified his sound definition of what poetry had a right to treat, that in fact he was a poet for men and not for strabismic critics.

## AEOLIAN STRAINS ON THE ROMAN LYRE

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By CORNELIA C. COULTER  
Mount Holyoke College

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In one of the latest and mellowest of his odes Horace addresses Melpomene, whose kindly gaze, fixed upon a child at birth, marks him, not as an athlete or a charioteer or a warrior, but as one who shall be famed for his Aeolian song (*Aeolio carmine nobilem*), and he thanks the Muse through whose favor he is pointed out as the musician of the Roman lyre (*Romanae fidicen lyrae* [C. iv, 3, 12 and 23]). The two phrases sum up the achievement of which Horace was proudest. In the poem that served as a dedication to his first published volume of odes, he had touched on the inspiration of the "Lesbian lyre" and hoped that he might be numbered among the "lyric bards" (C. i, 1, 29-36); and in the last ode of this collection he prophesied the fame that awaited him in years to come because he had been the first to adapt Aeolian song to Italian measures (C. iii, 30, 6-14).

It is a proud claim, and one which at first sight may seem extravagant. But when we review the Latin lyric poetry that remains to us from the period before Horace—the hymns to Mars and Jupiter in rough Saturnian meter, the alliterative jingles intended to charm away disease and blight and barrenness, the metrical experiments of Laevius and other "poetae novi" (including a "figure poem" about the phoenix which imitated the shape of the bird's wing), and even the poems of Catullus, which include a bare half-dozen in the lyric meters of Alcaeus and Sappho,—we realize that Horace was indeed a pioneer.

But it is not merely the Aeolian note in his songs that Horace would have us remember; he stresses with equal force the fact that they were tuned to the *Roman* lyre. This strong Roman element is something that we sometimes neglect when we study

the Greek influences on Horace's poems, and it is perhaps worth while to turn our attention to this part of his claim.

Horace tells us in a satire written in 35 B.C. that when he was engaged in writing Greek verse, Quirinus appeared to him in a dream and warned him not to "carry wood into the forest" by attempting to swell the already-full ranks of the Greek poets (S. 1, 10, 31-35). We have no further information about these early compositions, but we can infer that, just as Milton and Longfellow practiced writing Italian sonnets, so Horace, in his schooldays in Rome and Athens, tried his hand at various forms of Greek verse. The idea of adapting these forms to literary composition in Latin probably came to him after his return to Italy in 41 B.C. (?); and in his earliest attempts it was the rapid iambic rhythms of Archilochus (sometimes combined with dactylic or trochaic lines) that he imitated. But one poem in this group (*Epode* 13) takes its theme straight from Alcaeus. "Zeus rains," Alcaeus had sung; "from heaven falls a mighty storm, and frozen are the streams. . . . Break down the cold, heaping up the fire and mixing sweet wine ungrudgingly, and binding about your head soft lavender"<sup>1</sup> (Fr. 34). Horace has put all this into his Latin, even to the sky-god (Jupiter) whom the rain and snows draw down. The end of Alcaeus's poem is lost, so that we cannot estimate Horace's indebtedness here, but there is nothing in the epode that could not perfectly well have stood in the Greek original. "Anoint your head with perfumed oil and lighten your cares with music," he says; "remember how Chiron once said to Achilles: 'Warrior invincible, mortal child born of the goddess Thetis, for you waits the land of Assaracus, which the cold streams of the tiny Scamander cleave, and the smooth-gliding Simois. From there the Fates have cut off your return by a fixed decree, nor will your sea-goddess mother bring you home again. There lighten all your misfortune with wine and song, the sweet solaces of disfiguring care.'"

The passage is rich with literary reminiscences: the silver-footed Thetis rising from the sea like a mist at the sound of Achilles'

<sup>1</sup> This is Professor C. H. Moore's translation of the Greek γρόφαλλον (ed. of *Horace's Odes*: New York, American Book Co. [1902], introd. note to C. 1, 9). Other editors generally translate the word as "a band of wool" or "a cushion filled with wool."

weeping, stroking him with her hand, and saying, τέκνον, τί κλαίεις; Achilles sitting in wrath in his tent and singing to himself of the glorious deeds of heroes (κλέα ἀνδρῶν); the scene after the death of Patroclus when Achilles cries out passionately to his mother that he must avenge his friend, that he would rather die than live as a lumberer of the ground, and Thetis replies, "Swift-fated shall you be, my child, as you say; for straightway after Hector is death prepared for you." Horace has taken some of the best-loved themes in all Greek literature, and has put them into Latin with beauty of sound and imagery and suggestiveness of phrase.

But this was not all that Horace could do with the poem of Alcaeus. Some five or ten years later he used the theme again; and the very fact that he used it a second time is reasonably clear proof that he not only thought it good in itself but realized that his earlier treatment was capable of improvement. We find it the second time in the ninth ode of book I, where Horace has not only taken over the motif, but has reproduced the splendid meter of the original:

Ἦτοι μὲν ὁ Ζεὺς, ἐκ δ' ὀράνω μέγας  
χείμων, πεπάγαισιν δ' ὕδατων βόαι.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus  
silvae laborantes. . . .

And the whole scene is laid nearer home—no longer sea and forest buffeted by the Thracian north wind, but Mount Soracte gleaming white with deep snow; and the jar of wine that Horace calls for is four-year-old Sabine. The moral lesson is drawn, just as it is in the epode, but for illustration Horace turns, not to the tale of Troy, but to the Rome of his own day, and the sights and sounds that he and his readers knew—the Campus Martius, the squares at nightfall, with their trysts and their softly whispered conversations; the girl hiding in a dark corner, and the ripple of laughter that betrays her; the lad catching her and pulling a bracelet from her arm, or a ring from the finger that pretends to resist. The scene lives for us still, and to the Roman readers of Horace's day it was great poetry partly because it pictured the Rome that they knew.



This Roman quality runs through all four books of Horace's odes, and seems to grow deeper and stronger as the years go on. Even the light love lyrics to ladies with Greek names have certain Roman touches. "Why, Lydia," Horace asks, "are you in such haste to ruin Sybaris with love?" (C. 1, 8). The names are Greek; the motif must have been Greek, for we find it elaborated in the play that Plautus adapted from the *Φάσμα* of Philemon (?) (*Most.* 149 ff.); and the meter is the difficult greater Sapphic strophe. But Horace's Sybaris shows his "ruin" as only a Roman youth could—by a distaste for military drill with the young men of his own age and for riding his Gallic steed, and even an avoidance of the yellow Tiber which he used to love to swim.

The companion piece to this ode is the twelfth of the third book, where Horace has given a picture of the young girl in love, apparently taking over from Alcaeus (Fr. 59) both the theme and the Ionic *a minore* meter:

"Ἐμε δέϊλαν, ἔμε παῖσαν κακοτάτων πεδέχοισαν.

Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci. . . .

The girl's name, Neobule, may have been taken from Archilochus; and the picture that the girl draws of herself as unable to spin or weave or attend to the tasks of Minerva suggests the lines which Sappho puts into the mouth of a maiden at her loom: "Sweet mother, I cannot weave my web, overcome as I am with longing for a lad, through the power of soft Aphrodite" (Fr. 90). But here too Horace has introduced Roman details; it is the Tiber in which young Hebrus is wont to bathe, and he is fond of riding and boxing and running and hunting, as a sturdy Roman boy should be.

The Roman note is sounded even more strongly in the political odes. Some of these take their starting-point from lines of Alcaeus or Pindar, but the development of the themes is essentially Roman. Alcaeus's shout of rejoicing: "Now we must drink deep and riotously carouse, since Myrsilus is dead" (Fr. 20) is echoed by Horace (C. 1, 37, 1 f.):

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero  
pulsanda tellus;

but the occasion is the death of the queen who had threatened mad

ruin to the Capitol, and whom Caesar had pursued with his fleet as a hawk pursues a hare; the queen who had the courage to look upon her fallen realm with face serene, who did not tremble at the sword, nor fear to handle deadly serpents, who grudged the cruel Liburnian galleys the right to lead her in proud triumph—no humble woman she!

Alcaeus had pictured the "Ship of State" in a storm:

I do not understand the strife of the winds, for the wave rolls, now from this side and now from that, and we in the midst are borne along with our black ship, struggling mightily with the mighty storm. For the water is over the mast-holder, and our sail is all torn; there are great holes in it, and the halyards are loosening (Fr. 18).

In Horace's poem, the ship is the Roman state, which has but lately escaped the storm of the Civil War, and which must make haste to gain the port if she would avoid being swept out to sea again. And Horace, who has passed through the storm and left his shield on the battlefield of Philippi, confesses that the state was once a burden to him, but now is *desiderium curaque non levis*. (C, 1, 14, 18)

One of Pindar's finest odes (*Ol. II*) had begun with the question: "Hymns, lords of the lyre, what god, what demigod, what hero shall we sing?" Horace starts an ode (1, 12) in the same way, but instead of answering immediately as Pindar does, "Of gods, Zeus; of demigods, Heracles; of heroes, Theron of Acragas," Horace passes from Zeus to the other gods who have helped mankind; then to the demigods, Hercules, and Castor and Pollux, the friends of sailors, who bring calm weather after storm; and then calls before his readers a long procession of the heroes of Rome—Romulus, Numa, Tarquin the Proud; the great men of Republican days—Regulus, the Scauri, Paulus, "spendthrift of his mighty soul," Fabricius, Curius, Camillus; he touches on the heroic death of Cato the Younger at Utica, and leads up as a climax to the fame of the Marcelli, growing like a mighty tree, and linked with the glories of the Julian house—a proud allusion to the recent marriage of the Emperor's daughter Julia and the gifted young Marcellus; and then he ends with a prayer for the continued safety and prosperity of Augustus.

Pindar's influence is especially marked in the odes of the fourth book. Horace compares Pindar to a rushing mountain torrent, and calls him the swan of Dirce, who wings his flight to the upper air, whereas he himself is only a little bee, gathering honey beside the streams of Tibur; but nevertheless Horace at times approaches Pindar's methods and gains some of the same effects. With his praise of the victor in boxing-match or foot-race or chariot-race, Pindar regularly weaves in some myth which ennobles the man or boy by linking him with the legendary past. R. W. Livingstone, in *The Pageant of Greece*, after quoting Miss W. M. L. Williamson's brilliant translation of the seventh Isthmian ode, in praise of the young Aeginetan Cleander, says of it:<sup>2</sup>

The light in which Pindar saw Cleander's victory, and the poem which he wrote about it, are remarkable. . . . Cleander and the pancration vanish as Pindar writes, and the fires of his imagination shape themselves into less ephemeral visions. We see Cleander's island home in Aegina and the heroic figures from its past—Aeacus and his sons and grandsons, great fighters and wise and good men, "whose virtues the gods remembered"—then a glimpse of Achilles, unforgotten in death, because of his deeds, and to whose funeral the Muses came. . . . The poem was sung at the athlete's homecoming or at a dinner in his honour; when it was finished, he had remembered the history and heroes of his home, had praised the great and wise of the past whose traditions he inherited, had recalled their fame, virtues, and shining example, had felt the link which binds together all human beings who rise above the crowd by strength of mind or character or body, and through his small achievement had known himself a part of that splendid company.

Horace too had a young man to praise in the fourth ode of book iv—and no obscure Aeginetan, but a scion of the imperial house: Tiberius Claudius Nero, the son of Livia by her first husband, and the adopted son of Augustus. The occasion was no mere victory in an athletic contest, but a brilliant campaign in the eastern Alps, which ended in complete subjugation of the tribes in the Brenner pass and the valley of the Inn. And for illustration Horace takes, not a legend, but the actual deeds of the young man's own ancestors—a Livius on his mother's side and a Claudius on his father's. The story is familiar to us from the twenty-seventh book of Livy, and

<sup>2</sup> *The Pageant of Greece*, ed. by R. W. Livingstone: New York, Oxford University Press (1924), 93.

it is possible that Horace had that vivid narrative before him as he wrote. Livy (perhaps because the name of one of the heroes was the same as his own) tells the story with even more than his usual fire—how, when the consul Claudius was stationed in southern Italy, opposing Hannibal, and the other consul, Livius, was in the north, Claudius intercepted letters to Hannibal announcing that his brother Hasdrubal had crossed the Alps and was moving south to join him; then Claudius, taking the greater part of his forces, slipped away without Hannibal's knowledge and marched north to join Livius. Livy pictures the excitement along the way—the crowds that thronged out to greet the soldiers on the march, the wondering admiration that they aroused, the prayers for their safety that were uttered as they passed. *Et hercule*, he says in a sudden burst of enthusiasm, *per instructa omnia ordinibus virorum mulierumque undique ex agris effusorum, inter vota ac preces et laudes ibant* (xxvii, 45). Arriving at the camp of Livius, the soldiers of Claudius were received without the knowledge of Hasdrubal and his forces; and they succeeded in catching Hasdrubal at a disadvantage in the valley of the Metaurus. The battle ended in Hasdrubal's death and the disastrous defeat of his army; and the first tidings of the tragedy reached Hannibal when his brother's head was thrown down before the guards of his camp. Then, as Livy says, *tanto simul publico familiarique ictus luctu, agnoscere se fortunam Carthaginis fertur dixisse* (xxvii, 51).

This is the story that Horace has in mind when he writes of the dread Carthaginian sweeping over the cities of Italy like a flame over a torch or like the east wind over the waters of the Sicilian strait, and of the fair day that first put the darkness to flight for Latium and shone forth with kindly victory; and Livy's phrase about the "public and private grief" of Hannibal is suggested by the words that Horace puts into his mouth (vss. 69-72):

Carthagini iam non ego nuntios  
mittam superbos; occidit, occidit  
spes omnis et fortuna nostri  
nominis Hasdrubale interempto.

So, like Pindar's young friend from Aegina, Drusus in Rome, when Horace's ode was finished, must have "remembered the

history and heroes of his home, . . . recalled their fame . . . and shining example, . . . and through his [own] achievement . . . known himself a part of that splendid company."

"Turn your Greek models over and over again in your hands, night and day" (*nocturna versate manu, versate diurna*,—*Ars Poet.* 268–269) was Horace's advice to his young literary friends, the brothers Piso; and Horace himself was one of the best examples of the principle that he laid down. But his work would have been much less fine, and of much less value, both for his contemporaries and for us, if he had not, in taking over the themes and the meters of Greek lyric poetry, made them distinctly his own and distinctly Roman.



## THE CRITIC LOOKS AT HORACE

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By MARGARET KENNY

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Dear old Horace. The gay singer of love and wine, the jaunty Epicurean, who snapped his fingers at tomorrow. Chloe, Lalage, a cup of seasoned Falernian. They linger as the pleasantest memories of an often thorny classical path. *Carpe diem*, contempt for the vulgar crowd and loathing of Persian ostentation. Striking phrases. Unconsciously we have made them the stuff of our daily conversation and the fabric of our thought. A charming trifler, this Quintus Horatius Flaccus. Such is the erroneous impression often left by a superficial acquaintance with some of these delightful odes. But at his most amorous he seems to remain unscathed by the scorching flame of Venus, and his most flamboyant praise of Bacchus leaves one unconvinced of his actual surrender to the convivial god. Even the flippant hedonism, so closely associated with his name, is but an early aspect of a practical philosophy which later embraced also the more moderate tenets of Stoicism.

His is the further distinction of being the most versatile and representative poet of antiquity. Whatever your virtues or vices, whatever your mood or crotchet, he addresses himself to you, sometimes as an unoffending critic, but always as an intimate friend. "Soon shall I," to use his own words, "a melodious bird, more fleet than Icarus, visit the coasts of the roaring Bosphorus. Me the Colchian, and the Dacian, and the remote Geloni, will study, me the Iberian scholar will learn, and he who drinks the Rhone." That to us seems a narrow world, but as its limits receded this skyey minstrel flew apace, until now at his bimillennial anniversary the fame of Horace, exceeding his most extravagant predictions, girds the globe unclouded by the dust of twenty centuries.

The antiquarian in his secluded corner of the campus may examine the codices and, with an excited flutter of his academic gown,



discover a new interpretation for some abstruse genitive. The writer of verse may well study the careful craftsman and acknowledge in the Sabine bard a distant forebear. The cultured mind may assimilate the suave and urbane manner, the sane and temperate outlook, the fine irony and subtle wit. And the literary critic too may look at Horace, for his profuse strains, by his own admission, are not of unpremeditated art.

To the analysis of the literary temperament, to theories of literary evaluation, and to precepts of literary procedure he devoted his later works, when he felt that the resources of his creativeness had been curtailed and the flood of his inspiration had spent itself. This is not to infer that criticism is a function proper to senility (*horribile dictu!*) or to the decay of the inventive power. For this contribution of Horace forms a not undistinguished link in that unbroken line of critical expression that extends from the slender beginnings of Demetrius to a far more fertile present.

By nature Horace was well suited to the task of criticism both of life and manners and of letters. That he was a person of considerable social appeal is indicated by his admission to the highest social circle. But surprisingly coupled with his ready adaptability was that quality which Arnold regarded as the *sine qua non* of critical insight—disinterestedness. And this objectivity of view he was able and curiously willing to apply not to others only, but quite as impartially to himself.

The claim of Horace to the title of critic, though all his work abounds in literary allusions, rests on the composition of three epistles—one to the emperor, Augustus; one to his friend, Florus; and the last, the so-called *Ars Poetica*, to the Pisos. Already he had won for himself a reputation as critic of manners in his *Satires*, of conduct in his moral *Epistles*, and now his last efforts he dedicated to observations on his own trade, which he woefully lamented the years were stealing from him.

The epistles of book II, those to Augustus and Florus, ostensibly communications to his two friends, are written in the easy familiar style peculiar to all his epistles. But, despite his chatty and discursive manner, his lightness and humor, a careful scrutiny of these verses uncovers a surprising number of penetrating com-

ments. As stout defender of the poets of his own day, he inveighs against the indiscriminate adulation accorded to earlier writers. These he weighs and measures. Majesty and robustness he grants them, but allows no patriotic fervor to blind him to their faults of poetic structure. Added to genius, he insists, must be a feeling for proportion and artistic form acquired by constant study of the immortal Greek models. Hurried and careless composition, reluctance to revise, prune, and discard—these he points out as the chief vices of the Romans, a nation at no time particularly distinguished for its artistic ingeniousness. The poetic mind, he asserts, is simple, singularly free from avarice, and unhampered by material ambitions; but is prone to assume to itself an unwarranted importance, and to display at the slightest censure an immoderate irascibility. The true poet, however, conscious of the significance of his office, will be his own stern censor and will subject himself to a rigid self-criticism.

The theories of a recognized poet on the subject of poets and poetry is fare that always arouses interest and curiosity, and demands attention and respect. If these are casually included in a friendly letter among remarks of an autobiographical, ethical, or eulogistic character, who will be so exacting as to condemn them for their lack of originality and profundity?

The *Ars Poetica*, however, the *Epistle to the Pisos*, cannot be viewed with the same leniency. Though its opening and closing verses retain the light, bantering, epistolary manner, the more impersonal and didactic tone of the remainder lends weight to the opinion that the author too regarded it as a work of some gravity and moment. It is Horace's most formal and pretentious offering as critic and the most complete and effectual example of criticism in Latin literature.

In this epistle Horace touches on a wide range of literary topics. The function of epic, elegiac, dramatic, and lyric poetry he mentions; the dramatic being treated most exhaustively—the number of acts, the dialogue and qualities proper to different characters, music, the purpose of the chorus, the treatment of traditional subjects. To this is added an account of the origin of poetry, and of tragedy in particular, and a scant note on metre. This section is

clearly in the vein of Aristotle and is unmistakably derived, perhaps indirectly, from the author of the *Poetics*, but beside the ponderousness and dreariness of the Greek work it bears an air almost of frivolity.

The aim of the more familiar part of the poem is to give counsel to the literary-minded sons of Piso. No one at Rome, however meager his talent, hesitated to write poetry. And this universal plague of verse writing could not but result in the acceptance of second-rate standards and the toleration of mediocrity. The prevalent habit of heedlessness and levity in workmanship again and again he roundly denounces and insists that a work be retained nine years before publication, for a word once uttered can never be revoked. Genius unaided, he claims, can never attain the consummation of its artistic possibilities without submitting to the rigors of discipline and toil. And sustained excellence can never be achieved except on a foundation of ethical wisdom. He deceives neither himself nor his readers as to the artistic inferiority of the Romans. A money-getting race, he calls them. In this disparaging judgment he was amply upheld by the subsequent history of Latin literature, for never again did it witness the high level of distinction reached by Horace and Vergil.

"Every man of letters ought to have learnt it by heart in the original during his youth." Thus speaks Mr. Saintsbury of the *Ars Poetica*. No one will deny that Horace has here presented a set of sound principles with earnestness and conviction. Applied today these principles might offer durability to works whose glitter, intellectuality, and startling originality fail to conceal their lack of substance. He proclaims these doctrines after long deliberation and practice without dogmatism or arrogance, but with the authority of successful experience. With the same astuteness exhibited in the *Satires* he strikes at the inherent weaknesses of contemporary writers. His reproof, however, though delivered with sincerity and genuine concern, is never caustic or offensive.

But from the expounder of these positive canons of good writing the *Ars Poetica* itself is a surprise and a disappointment. When examined in the light of the rules uncompromisingly laid down for others, it by no means supports the validity of his complaint; for

many times throughout the poem he falls into the major sin for which he repeatedly reproaches his countrymen. The reader is justified in looking for a work that exemplifies the unity and structural compactness which he so heartily recommends. What he finds instead is a sprawling, desultory piece of writing without organization or proportion. He leaves a subject only to return to it, repeats what he has already said, and overemphasizes one point almost to the complete neglect of another equally important. This lack of orderly arrangement may be in part explained by his inclination toward sententiousness and fondness for innuendo. Horace clearly is not a methodical reasoner, but for this deficiency he compensates in a measure by his unexampled brilliance, of which all literature since has borne the fruit. The whole poem is a real Elysian field for the hunter of the *bon-mot*, where scarcely a line fails to yield its quotable phrase, flashing and succinct, achieved by an outlay of infinite care and effort.

The title of *Ars Poetica*, which Horace evidently never intended, is very misleading, promising, as it does, much more than it actually fulfills. For the whole discourse is concerned only with the externals and mechanics of the art. The real essence of poetry, the spiritual force and fine frenzy of the poetic imagination, is entirely ignored. And the opportunity of giving a searching individual estimate of the poets mentioned results merely in banal generalities. Reflections on poetry do not awaken the Muse; the élan of the *Odes* has vanished. The cool, sober, detached judgment of the critic is here exercised, but at the expense of the fire, enthusiasm, and stimulating power of the poet.

A birthday celebration, it is true, is an ill-timed occasion for exposing the flaws and proclaiming the infirmities of the honored guest. And if it is his two thousandth, it is surely an ungracious thing to proffer anything but deference and veneration. The auspiciousness of the event at least should still the tongue and stay the hand of one who derives enjoyment from the *Odes* and pleasure from the contact with this genial mind. But Horace himself had no illusions. His was a perfect confidence in his own strength combined with an unbiased appraisal of its limitations. Candidly and unhesitatingly in more than one of the odes he prophesied his own

immortality, but he scorned the pedestrain *Satires* and *Epistles*, "that crawl in prose along the ground." If he never designed this epistle to be a final treatise, if only friendly warning to the Pisos was its purpose, how jocose would be his treatment, were he present at the festivities, of those who insist on considering it with such solemnity. With a quip and crank and wanton wile, how summarily might he dispose of the matter with this sprightly sally, "With oblivious Massic fill high the polished tankards; pour forth the perfumes from capacious shells."

## VOX VATIS HORATI<sup>1</sup>

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By G. L. HENDRICKSON  
Yale University

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The poetry of laureates written for festival occasions is not always their best, and on a humbler scale something of the same sort is true of the productions which commemorative anniversaries of great men elicit. The memory of Vergil was not greatly served by much that was said and written of him in 1930, and except that the volume is and will be smaller it may be doubted whether Horace will fare much better. What we have held back of earlier study because it was immature, speculative, or only half persuasive, under the pressure of an occasion we venture to bring forth lest we should come to the feast without a gift. What I have to offer falls under all the categories which I have named, and in addition it will not avoid the tedium of repeating much that is familiar—*aliter non fit Avite liber*. It is not my purpose to present a characterization of Horace, nor what is called more elegantly an appreciation. For those who know, interest attaches to details, generalizations are dull; and thus as a plain *homo grammaticus* I shall venture to touch upon some points in the life and poetry of Horace which have at different times engaged my attention, and which for some readers may possess a relative novelty in point of view.

It has been said (by Bernard Shaw, I believe) that the man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes for all men and all time. The half-truth of this dictum applies in a higher degree to Horace than to many another, and suggests that his most enduring greatness lies in his genius for talking about himself—the earliest considerable autobiographer of Western literature. He is peculiarly generous in giving us information

<sup>1</sup> An address, in somewhat modified form, delivered at the meeting of the New England Classical Association, Andover, Mass., March 29, 1935.



about his early life and schooling; but it is vexing that he begins with a negative when he says that he did *not* go to the school of Flavius in his native Venusia along with the local aristocracy of the scions of Sulla's centurions. We wonder, why not? Too bad that we were not granted a glimpse of that provincial institution, its curriculum and its master. Horace missed an opportunity here to win the gratitude of a late posterity, and has left us to surmise that the son of a *libertinus* was a sort of non-Aryan in a Nordic group not content with that station in life to which it had pleased God to appoint him. At Rome we have the pleasant picture of the lad going from house to house of his several teachers (*circum doctores*) under the escort of his father, dressed and attended like the son of any equestrian or senatorial family. Horace gives us much, more indeed than any other ancient writer has thought it of interest to tell about his own life, and it is churlish to complain; but his *much* whets our appetite for *more*, and we long to know who his teachers were, and what they taught him. At Rome he tells us that he learned of

Achilles wrath to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered,

and again that under the persuasion of thongs and wet ropes in the school of Orbilius he was trained to champion the solid hard liquor of old Roman poetry against the new and frothy vintage which upstarts were commending to the lips of the younger generation. From Rome to Athens, in the lull between the civil wars, for that veneer of philosophy which the Romans prized.

In the years of Horace's young manhood, let us say from 50 to 45 B.C., youthful aspirants to poetical fame at Rome must have seen but one road leading to the peaks of Parnassus, the so-called new poetry of the Hellenistic time, the Alexandrine epigram or elegy, the small epic, the bucolic idyll. Catullus, the greatest genius of the group, led the way, attended by his friends Calvus and Cinna, and was followed in faithful succession by Valerius Cato and his school, by Vergil and Gallus, and so on through Propertius and Ovid. This was in Horace's boyhood the poetry of widest appeal, and in fact remained so throughout his lifetime. A

certain success of esteem his *Odes* won, and the *Carmen Saeculare* established him in a sense as the laureate poet of Rome. But poets laureate are not always the poets most read, and no one, I think, can doubt that in his later years Horace was to Ovid somewhat, let us say in lame analogy, as the distinguished Robert Bridges was to Kipling in our time. Horace's fame grew with time—*postera crescam laude*—and it required more than one generation to outwear the exotic effect of metrical forms which were alien and artificial to a public wonted to the elegiac distichon and the hendecasyllable. It is but a meagre straw pointing the direction of the wind that the *graffiti* of Pompeii, rich in tags from Ovid, reveal practically nothing from Horace.

But of Horace's participation in this dominating trend of the poetry of his time there is no evidence whatever; rather there are specific flings of disparagement directed against it. Thus, for example, the whole of the tenth satire of the first book had for its specific mark in its original form (thinly veiled in final revision) Valerius Cato and his school, the pretty Hermogenes, and that ape of Cato's who had never learned to sing any tune but of Calvus and Catullus, Furius Bibaculus, the turgid poet of the North, who in his little epic murders Memnon and "the king's English." Then too there is the unknown rival of the letter to Florus (suspected rightly to be Propertius) who craves to be flattered as a master of elegy, a second Callimachus. This, to be sure, from a late period of the poet's life, but carrying the same implications as the early epode, the eleventh, which is a sly and malicious satire upon the erotic elegy.

Yet for all this disparagement and hostility it is hard to see how any young man, come to maturity in the decade of the 40's, managed to escape the influences which Catullus fortified and gave vogue to, which persisted beyond Ovid, and emerged again as a dominant strain in the time of Nero. Vergil felt the direct influence of Catullus, as the poems of the *Catalepton* show, and carried on the tradition of a refined Alexandrinism in his *Eclogues* and *Georgics*. But Horace stands apart, and it remains a perplexing problem to know when and why and under what influences he struck out a path of his own. We know, for instance, that in the

field of oratory and rhetoric there flourished both in Greece and in Rome the archaistic movement which reverted from contemporary standards and fashions to the early prose of Attic writers. We call it Atticism, and Romans under the leadership of Calvus had applied the term to an analogous cult of archaizing simplicity in revolt against the elaborations of Ciceronian style. But in poetry there is no evidence of a similar revolt from Hellenistic models. Calvus, the innovating Atticist, and Calvus, epigrammatist and author of the *Io* in the Alexandrine tradition, are one and the same. For Rome we can speak with reasonable certainty; for Greece the poverty of record may leave open the possibility of a drift that escapes us. But we err perhaps in demanding a school and a tendency for what appears to be and may well have been individual initiative, the deliberate choice of Horace himself — *Parios ego primus iambos/ostendi Latio*.

The political atmosphere at Rome in the time when Horace went to Athens for study was tense and charged with partisan division concerning the dictatorship of Caesar. His rôle as the usurper of Roman liberty was made to stand out in sharper light by the death of Cato (*Catonis nobile letum*), and it is natural to believe that Brutus, when he went to Athens after the assassination of the dictator, found in the unknown Horace a spirit not less independent than the young Cicero, who (as Plutarch says) bore such a mortal hatred to tyrants. In such an environment it would not have been strange if the hot temper of our youthful Horace found more sustenance in the angry iambics of freedom-loving Archilochus than in anything which the new poetry had to offer. Not only in Archilochus, but in Solon as well, he found a type of poetry which furnished a medium for the private individual standing apart from public life to raise his voice on questions affecting the common good.

The earliest poem of Horace that can be dated with reasonable certainty is the sixteenth epode:

Altera iam teritur bellis civilibus aetas,  
suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.

The form is derived from Archilochus, to whom also its content may owe suggestions. However, in the meagreness of record from

that early time closer analogies to its tone are found rather in the patriotic appeals and rebukes of Solon. It creates the scene of a public assembly of the Roman people called to deliberate in time of stress: that Rome which no foreign enemy had been able to shake is falling by its own hand. Do you ask what counsel can be given in this crisis? *Nulla sit hac potior sententia*—to abandon the cursed site and its bloodstained factions, and fly to the Islands of the Western Sea which Jupiter has reserved for the good. The poet speaks as priest or seer (*vate me*) appealing to a better part if not to all (*communiter aut melior pars*).

It is doubtless superfluous to remind the reader how, in the description of that peace and happiness which they shall find there, such resemblances to Vergil's picture of a Golden Age recur as to make the assumption of a relationship between the two poems necessary. The problem of relationship is an old one which cannot, I fear, be solved with certainty, but to me it seems most plausible to think of Horace summoning his friend Vergil to find the truth of his dream (already shattered), not in a Rome restored by a savior, but elsewhere. Obviously flight from the site of Rome to the fabled Islands has no literal meaning, and perhaps it is to be understood merely as an exaggerated figure for despair. But that there is a peaceful home to which men of good will can fly (*piis datur fuga*) seems to signify something. If we were dealing with a later Horace we should scarcely hesitate to say, *quod petis hic est*, and suspect that Horace uses the Vergilian suggestion of a Golden Age as an allegory for the inner peace, the unlabored abundance, which their common philosophy held out as a haven to that "better part" who seek its gifts. But though the suggestion might be supported with analogies from later work (and I think especially of *non est meum si mugiat Africis*) it is a random guess which I hesitate to urge. More important for the character and art of Horace is it to mark with what boldness and vigor a youth of perhaps twenty-five, of humble origins and presumably of no recognized position, ventures to rebuke the warring factions of Rome and assume the voice of authority. That poverty which made him bold to write verses had yielded something better than the facile scurrilities of the epigrammatists of the time which might have been expected of youth and disillusionment.

Related in conception and technique to this epode is the seventh—*Quo, quo scelesti ruitis*. Though with less specific indication of situation the poet represents himself as one in position of moral authority haranguing his countrymen, and demanding a reason for the fratricidal frenzy which prolongs civil strife—*responsum date!* Again we hear an echo of early Greece when poetry was the vehicle for participation in the affairs of state, and we are reminded of Solon complaining that “the ruin of our city will never come by the doom of Zeus . . . . It is our own citizens and their false-hearted leaders who would fain destroy it”; or of Archilochus upbraiding: ὦ λιπερνῆτες πολῖται, “ah wretched fellow citizens, hear and grasp the meaning of my words.” It is not for my purpose important to define the exact occasion in the long chaos of civil war to which this poem refers. The main point here as before is to note the earnestness and boldness of the young freedman’s son venturing to raise his voice in rebuke against the strife of both sides. As the tone is reminiscent of early Greece, so also the form is borrowed from that early time, and sets its author apart sharply from the tendencies of his time and the art for art’s sake of contemporary Alexandrinism. One must sometimes regret that the political and moral earnestness of Horace has been eclipsed in the popular estimate of his character by his lighter verse, which is almost the only part of his work that still lives in the general literary consciousness of our day.

In these two poems we have seen the youthful Horace taking the rôle of spokesman for that better part of his countrymen who looked with dismay upon the suicidal strife of opposing ambitions. How often again in later years he assumed an analogous, if not similar, rôle I need not remind you, whether, as in the second ode, voicing the prayer of the people for a savior to expiate the long crime of civil war, or again, as priest of the Muses, preaching the lessons of philosophy and Roman virtue *virginibus puerisque*, or finally, as appointed intercessor for the state in time of sacred commemoration—*date quae precamur tempore sacro*. As composer of the *Carmen Saeculare* he was placed by designation into a position which he had long usurped.

One such example I venture to present in somewhat greater de-



tail, to which I think an element of clarification can be added by a sharper visualization of the scene or situation which the poem creates. I refer to the familiar

O navis, referent in mare te novi  
fluctus!

It is futile to imagine that with our present resources a precise time or occasion can be discovered for which this poem was composed. Situations which might have suggested the allegory of the state as a vessel damaged by earlier storms and now setting forth to new dangers may have been myriad in the long agony of the civil wars, and the ancient scholia, whose authors should have been in better position to know than ourselves, illustrate very well how manifold were the possibilities of reference. Porphyrio, oddly as it seems to us, fancies that Marcus Brutus is addressed; Pseudo-Acro, that a warning is addressed to Sextus Pompeius—both points of view incredible and indeed scarcely possible. However, in one respect they contain a suggestion for the modern student, in that they conceive of the poem as having personal reference or address to an individual. Of possible occasions none has seemed more probable to most students than the final conflict with Antony, whether before Actium or at some time during the progress of that last struggle. As I have already implied, there can be no doubt that the poem is allegorical, and though the general modern aversion to precise allegory has often led to a denial of its presence here, such protests are idle in view of the concrete evidence of Quintilian, and not less because the figure of the state as a ship is a favorite conception of Horace's lyrical master Alcaeus. "The islander," says Heraclitus, "almost overdoes the sea-going in his allegories, likening most of the prevailing tyrant troubles to storms at sea."

Now there is a remarkable account preserved both by Dio and Suetonius which, if it does not describe the actual situation which the poet has cast into imaginative form, yet illustrates the conception so vividly that it deserves to find a place in any attempt at elucidation. After Actium, which was fought early in September, Augustus did not return to Italy, but, leaving its administration in the hands of Maecenas and Agrippa, turned to the pursuit and



destruction of Antony and his forces. His movements must seem to us incredibly slow, but the historians at all events tell us that he went to Greece and Asia for the adjustment of affairs there, and wintered at Samos. From thence, disturbed by news of discontent and mutiny of the army which he had sent back to Italy, he sailed for Brundisium in mid-winter, encountering violent storms twice on this voyage, in both of which he lost some of his attending ships. The vessel in which he himself sailed came through with shattered spars and rigging and with broken steering gear (*fusis armamentis et gubernaculo diffracto*). When the news of his return reached Rome a great throng representative of all classes went forth to Brundisium to greet him, senators, knights, commoners, some as official envoys, others of their own accord and out of curiosity (Dio). The disaffection and doubt of the veterans, which reflected the uncertainty and concern of the whole body of citizens, was skilfully turned by Octavian to an enthusiastic expression of devotion and loyalty. He remained at Brundisium only twenty-seven days without going on to Rome and, still in the wintry season, set forth again and returned to his headquarters by way of the Isthmus, accomplishing the whole expedition so quickly that Antony and Cleopatra learned at one and the same time both of his departure and return (Dio).

In this account, we have a situation which, whether the actual one or not, contains illustrative elements that lend concreteness and life to our poem. Its application is, I think, apparent and need not be labored. The battered condition of the vessel in which Octavian came affords a factual analogy to the figurative conception of the shattered state, and his setting forth upon the wintry sea for his return yields the occasion for solicitude and anxious prayers. It would be trivial to object that during his stay the damaged ship doubtless made the necessary repairs. The analogy of the still uncertain outcome of Roman destiny demands the representation of the ship faring forth in unseaworthy condition. I have noted above that the ancient commentators conceived of this poem as addressed to persons—Brutus or Sextus Pompeius. If in their divinings they had said Octavian (and one wonders why they failed to do so), they would have furnished a more fruitful suggestion.

For them, the conception must have been that the commander of the allegorical ship was a Brutus or a Pompeius sailing forth to new dangers. For us, no one, I imagine, doubts that the ultimate object of address is Octavian, and that the prayer for safety at the end, if in any sense personal, must contemplate him as the embodiment of the state.

Such considerations lead us naturally to a comparison of our poem with that well-defined ancient type which expresses the emotion of one remaining behind upon the departure of a friend, with prayers for his safe voyage—the *propempticon*. No ancient source applies this technical name to our composition, but the resemblances to it are striking enough to deserve note. In discussing the third ode of the first book many years ago<sup>2</sup> I pointed out that the practice of poets, as well as the later theory of rhetoricians, recognizes two parts as appropriate to such compositions: an outcry of apprehension inspired by love and sorrow at parting, succeeded by resignation to separation and prayers for safe journey. In Greek terminology the first part is the *σχελιασμός*, the *conquestio*, or lament and portrayal of dangers; the second part, the prayer, *εὐχή*. In the third ode, to the ship that bears Vergil, these parts are inverted, so that the prayer comes first—*reddas incolumem precor*, the complaint or lament comes last, in the form of a soliloquy which does not reach the departing ship,—*illi robur et aes triplex*. The two parts thus defined are clearly present in our poem, distributed between the first four stanzas and the last, a disproportion which is characteristic of the type. The ship is sailing forth to new storms heedless of the warning to make port before it is too late (*fortiter occupa portum*); it is in no condition to meet new dangers; its spars and rigging and sails are shattered and rent, and for all its stout hull and proud name and lineage it must not go forth, if prudence can save it and it be not fated to perish: this the *σχελιασμός*. But heedless of this warning the ship sails on, and since pleading is in vain it is bidden godspeed—*interfusa nitentis vites aequora Cycladas* (*εὐχή*).

In one respect only does the situation differ from the natural forms which literary tradition had fixed for poetry of this type,

<sup>2</sup> CLASSICAL JOURNAL, III (1908), 100-104.

namely in this: that our poet had been on the side of those who had fought against the faction which now engaged his allegiance, and even after defeat and amnesty had voiced a program of withdrawal in despair and disgust. One would not say in prayer for the safety of a friend that he had once been an enemy, but the memory and record of earlier utterances concerning the state demanded a recantation, which by acknowledgment of former error heightens the avowal of present devotion:

nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,  
nunc desiderium curaue non levis.

The poet speaks in his own person and with personal allusion to his one-time hostility and his present love. That is of course the proper nature of poetry, to be specific, an expression of individual emotion. But for how many of those who were gathered at Brundisium and witnessed the departing ship could not the same thing have been said? Whether or not we clutch too eagerly at the scene of Romans from every class gathered at Brundisium in this crisis as the veritable occasion of our poem, whether or not we play with the thought that Horace himself may have been in that throng and shared its emotion as the ship sailed forth, in any event and whenever uttered we cannot doubt that the voice of Horace was the voice not of himself alone.

One further example. I refer to the two odes, thirty-four and thirty-five of the first book. Of these the first—"Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens"—contains the familiar recantation of Epicurean belief in the unconcern of the gods for human good or evil; that whatever happens in human life, as in the universe as a whole, is due to mechanical natural causes. One illustration of this doctrine is expressed in the skeptical inquiry of Lucretius at the end of his explanation of the natural causes of lightning and thunder:

cur numquam caelo iacit undique puro  
Iuppiter in terras fulmen sonitusque profundit?<sup>3</sup>

But now our poet has in fact seen and heard this very thing impossible—

per purum tonantis  
egit equos volucremque currum,

<sup>3</sup> Lucretius, *N.D.* vi, 400 f.

and it compels him to acknowledge that the hand of God intervenes in the affairs of men and is powerful to "put down the mighty from their seats and to exalt them of low degree." This divine power which can effect the impossible is named in the last lines as Fortune:

hinc apicem rapax  
Fortuna cum stridore acuto  
sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

It is true that in current usage, which Horace himself elsewhere employs, *Fortuna* "plays her insolent game" blindly, like the Greek Τύχη, and this conception has perhaps intruded itself here where it does not properly belong. But, as the progress of the argument into the next ode shows, the true Roman goddess *Fortuna* is quite another, first-born daughter of Jove (*Fortuna primigenia*), and in certain relations the special instrument of his will. Her peculiar rôle is that of protectress, *Fortuna conservatrix*, *Fortuna redux*, as she is often named in inscriptions of the Empire praying for protection and safe return. And so here, harking back to *Fortuna* in the penultimate line of thirty-four, the goddess is addressed at the beginning of thirty-five:

O diva, gratum quae regis Antium,  
.....  
serves iturum Caesarem in ultimos  
orbis Britannos. . . .

If the ode thirty-four were a composition complete in itself one might complain that the introduction of *Fortuna* as a synonym for *Diespiter* and *deus*, which have preceded, is untimely and confusing. But the poem is not complete, and stands only as a prelude to the prayer which follows in ode thirty-five. The closeness of the connection is obscured by our habit of printing with a space and an intervening number, and the ancient metricians, in their treatises on the Horatian meter, by omitting mention of ode thirty-five in their discussion of Alcaics, and passing directly from "Parcus deorum" to "Nunc est bibendum" (37), seem to have considered thirty-four and thirty-five as a single poem. The text itself gives warrant for such a belief. *Fortuna* is named at the end of thirty-four, and

with reference to this word ode thirty-five begins *O diva*, with designation of her temple, and with long enumeration of her attributes, but without indication of her name; *diva* in short is resumptive of the preceding name.

But why a prelude? To justify the prayer that follows. For how except by recantation of patent atheism could our poet justify to himself, or to his friends, or to the object of prayer itself, an appeal to divine power to protect and save? Of the sincerity of this recantation you may doubt if you choose, and say with Dryden that Horace was ever an Epicurean and made use of gods and providence only to serve a turn in poetry; but without it the sincerity of the prayer would remain suspect in the eyes of those who knew. What then was the flash and thunder in a clear sky that wrought the conversion? Certainly not the literal phenomenon, a paradox of nature, but an experience of life in this disordered time so deep and persuasive that, at least in figure, it had turned him back to long abandoned belief—*iterare cursus cogor relictos*. It is the poet's right to represent a slow process extending over years in metaphor as a sudden flash. What it was is told us clearly enough by juxtaposition with the prayer for Augustus: the belief, or call it only the will to believe, that some divine providence, *pronoia*, had worked through human hands to save miraculously from the wreck of civil war the Roman state.



## Current Events

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[Edited by Clarence W. Gleason, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass., and John B. Stearns, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., for territory covered by the Associations of New England and the Atlantic States; Dwight N. Robinson, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, for the Middle States east of the Mississippi River; G. A. Harrer, the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., for the Southeastern States; Alfred P. Dorjahn, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., and Franklin H. Potter, the University of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia., for the territory of the Association west of the Mississippi. News from the Pacific Coast may be sent to Frederic S. Dunn, University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore., or to Fred L. Farley, College of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif.]

This department will present everything that is properly news of general appeal, but considerations of space compel the editors to ask that items be made as brief as possible. Whenever feasible, it is preferable to print programs of meetings which would draw an attendance from a large area as live news in advance of the date rather than as dead news after the event. In this connection it should be remembered that the December issue, e.g., appears on November fifteenth and that items must be in hand five or six weeks in advance of this date.]

### Horace Notes

Professor Antonio Ennis, Prefect of Studies at the Colegio de la Sagrada Familia at Cordoba, Argentine Republic, is pushing the Horace Celebration in his own and neighboring countries and is meeting a cordial response.

In Sweden, Professor E. Nachmanson, President of the Svenska Humanistiska Forbundet, has proposed to all the local sections to arrange a Horace Celebration. Professor Axel Boethius started the celebration in Sweden on September 17 by a lecture on "The Villa of Horace" before the Swedish section of the Instituto di Studi Romani in Göteborg.

The Horace leaflets published by the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore may be purchased at the rate of \$2 for one hundred, \$3.50 for five hundred, etc. For fifty cents extra the name of any local club, library, or school may be printed on the front page of the leaflet.

In the *Memorias de la Academia Ecuatoriana* for May, 1935, appears a valuable article entitled "El Bimilenario de Horacio," by Aurelio Espinosa Polit, S.J., Prefect of Studies in the Colegio de Cotacollao in Quito, Ecuador.

In the *Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques* xxiv (1935), 462-65, Professor M.-D. Chenu has an article entitled "Horace chez les Théologiens."



**The Bimillennium in Ireland**

Professor J. G. O'Neill of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, has an interesting article on the *Bimillennium Horatianum* in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* XLVI (1935), 58-71. Ireland was one of the last nations to line up for the Celebration but is now entering into the project with typical vim. Maynooth College is offering a prize of ten guineas for a verse translation of C. II, 16.

**Iowa Conference**

The eighteenth annual Conference of the Classical Teachers in Iowa will be held at Iowa City Friday evening, December 6, and Saturday morning and afternoon, December 7. Two lectures will be given by Dean Gordon J. Laing of the University of Chicago, one entitled "Horace and the Culture of Today." Other papers will be read by Professor George Mylonas of Washington University, on "The Excavations at Eleusis"; by Professor C. C. Mierow of Carleton College, on "Recent Views of Old Pompeii"; and by Professor E. B. T. Spencer of Grinnell College, on "Building Stones at Rome," in addition to papers by members of the local staff. A round-table will be held also on the topic "How may the load of Latin teaching in high school be lightened without the sacrifice of essentials?" at which it is planned that several eminent authorities in the field of Latin teaching will participate. Full programs will be available about the middle of November, and friends of the classics in adjoining states, as well as those in Iowa, are invited to attend. This meeting will mark the apogee of the Horace Celebration in this vicinity, and several of the papers will be broadcast over station WSUI.

**University of Cincinnati Prize Contest**

The name of the series of contests which have been grouped hitherto under the title "Essay-and-Ode Contest," yielding a prize of \$1000, has now been changed to "University of Cincinnati Prize Contest." This involves the writing of an essay, the translation into English of one of Horace's poems, and the composition of an original ode in Latin. The jury for this contest will consist of Professors C. E. Bennett, Amherst College; R. J. Deferrari, Catholic University at Washington; and Mary A. Grant, University of Kansas. Details were announced in the department of Hints of the *CLASSICAL JOURNAL* for last June, or may be obtained from the chairman of the committee, Dr. Dorothy M. Robathan of Wellesley College.

**Some Additional Chairmen**

A new national chairman is Mrs. Bessie S. Rathbun of Central High School, Omaha, Nebraska, who has charge of the Committee on Music on Horatian Themes. Professor Lillian Gay Berry of Indiana University, Bloomington,

has succeeded Professor Coon (deceased) as state chairman for Indiana. During Mrs. Robinson's absence in Rome, Mrs. William Tunstall Semple, 317 Pike Street, Cincinnati, the vice-chairman, is serving as chairman for the Finance Committee.

#### Atchison, Kansas

The Classical Department of Mount St. Scholastica College will have its celebration for Horace on December 5, in which all the classical students will participate. An original three-act play, *Spoils of Actium*, will be given, and the ode which was translated by Miss Kent and won second place in Kansas translation contest will be read. The speaker for the occasion will be announced later.

#### Horace Festival

Mills College, St. Mary's College, Stanford University, University of California, University of San Francisco, and University of Santa Clara coöperated in presenting at the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California, on Friday evening, October 18, 1935, a Horace Festival commemorating the two-thousandth anniversary of the birth of the Roman poet. The general chairman of production was Professor Theodore Robert Bowie of the University of California. The program consisted of introductory addresses by Monroe Emanuel Deutsch of the University of California, Henry Rushton Fairclough of Stanford University, and Brother Leo of St. Mary's College, followed by an elaborate pageant centering about the *Carmen Saeculare* of 17 B.C. and including a farce from Ben Jonson's adaptation of Horace's ninth satire as given in the *Poetaster* III, 1. In connection with the Festival, a loan exhibit of editions of Horace dating from 1475 to 1905 was displayed in the University of California library.

#### Wellesley College

Wellesley College celebrated the *Bimillennium Horatianum* on October 11 with a dinner for the Departments of Greek and Latin followed by toasts and an address by Professor Lily Ross Taylor of Bryn Mawr on the subject, "Horace's Picture of Social Life During the Triumvirate."

#### Stockton, California

The Classical Club of Stockton, California opened its winter series on Horace with the reading of two papers by Dean Fred L. Farley of the College of the Pacific. The first one, "Three Immortalities," was written in blank verse and emphasized the immortality gained by Maecenas and the members of his little circle through beneficence, friendship, and art. The second paper was a translation and study of the well-known poem, "The Bore."

The November program consisted of translations of Horatian odes by Mrs. Hudson Smythe of Stockton, and the December meeting will be a birthday dinner, Roman style.

#### Honolulu Celebrates

It is pleasing to record that "even the isles of the sea" are celebrating the birthday of Horace. The Punahou School of Honolulu has recently given a Latin Festival consisting of *orationes*, *fabulae scaenicae*, et *carmina*, not all, however, in Latin. Congratulations, Honolulu.

#### The Agora Excavations in 1935

The excavations of the Agora at Athens, conducted by the American School of Classical Studies under the expert direction of Dr. T. L. Shear of Princeton University, were continued this year with great success. Additional evidence was obtained to prove the previous identification of the structures on the west side of the area as the altar of Zeus, the temple of Apollo, the Bouleuterion, the Metroon, and the Tholos. The topography of the Agora, which thus has become clear, was further elucidated by the discovery of a curved building in the center of section "E,"<sup>1</sup> which was identified as the "Orchestra," that was said to be situated opposite the Metroon. The floor of the orchestra of this structure is paved with marble and to the south of it seats or the bedding for such are preserved for five rows.

The excavated area yielded again the usual rich quota of portable articles. Among the vases discovered we must note a fragment of a large spool decorated in white ground technique with a scene representing Helios rising above the clouds in a two-horse chariot, a masterpiece of vase-painting by the Brygos painter; three large lekythoi from the middle of the fifth century, one showing a Maenad sacrificing at an altar and the other a winged Nike carrying a basket; a quantity of *ostraka* bearing names of well-known Athenian citizens, and a great number of red and black figured vases and of Hellenistic ware. Of special interest is a sherd of Attic pottery of the sixth century that bears inscribed on it an abecedarium, an alphabet containing a digamma of a peculiar form, which proves that the alphabet was scratched on the sherd by a visiting or resident foreigner. A splendid collection of geometric vases was obtained from graves and two neolithic vases were found in a neolithic burial.

In sculpture, interesting examples representing a number of periods were discovered. Among them we note the head of a bearded man of excellent workmanship of the archaic period, a portrait head of life size and excellent preservation, dating in the second century A.D., a statuette of the Mother of the Gods, and a small head of a woman of the fourth century. Among the many

<sup>1</sup> See CLASSICAL JOURNAL XXX, 510, for a plan of the Agora.—E.T.

fragments of inscriptions discovered is one of special interest recording library rules. Finally we may note that at an average of 450 coins were discovered per week. This is but a brief statement of the important contributions to our knowledge of Greek art and antiquities added by the campaign of 1935.

#### **Frank Cole Babbitt**

We join our New England members in mourning the death of Frank Cole Babbitt who died at his home in Hartford, Connecticut, September 21, 1935. Professor Babbitt attended Phillips Academy at Andover and received the B.A. degree from Harvard in 1890, the M.A. degree in 1892, and the Ph.D. degree in 1895; the next year was spent in Athens as fellow in the American School. He was instructor in Greek at Harvard for two years, and since 1898 had been teaching at Trinity College, Hartford, where for these many years he showed fine ability as teacher and scholar and educator. Students of the classics know him as the author of a Greek grammar, of articles in various periodicals, and more recently as the translator of Plutarch's *Moralia* in the Loeb Series. His work on this Greek text stands forth as a fine accomplishment, worthy of a high place among the achievements of American scholarship.

Fully merited honors came to Professor Babbitt: he was president of the Classical Association of New England in 1920-21, and president of the American Philological Association in 1926-27; in 1927 Trinity College gave him the degree of L.H.D., an honor which he appreciated highly. As his body was laid to rest, one felt that here was no mere grammarian's funeral, but the funeral of a scholar who knew that scholarship demands hard work and sacrifice and that a scholar's labors are their own reward.

#### **Christmas Meetings**

The Christmas meetings of the American Philological Association, the Archaeological Institute of America, and the Linguistic Society of America will be held at the Hotel Astor, New York, New York, December 26-28. Special rates have been secured on the railroads under the identification certificate plan, which guarantees the reduced rate; and the Hotel Astor has promised accommodations upon unusually satisfactory terms. It is expected that the program will be unusually full and interesting and that the attendance will probably be the largest in the history of these organizations. The dinner of the Friends of Horace will be held Thursday evening, December 26, and the annual banquet of the societies, Friday evening, December 27. The full program of papers will be issued about the first of December.

#### **American Academy in Rome, Fellowships in Classical Studies**

Fellowships in Classical Studies, probably three in number, each to run for a term of two years, are to be awarded by the American Academy in

Rome. Each fellow will receive free tuition and residence at the Academy, and an allowance of \$1400 a year. Opportunity is offered for extensive travel, including a trip to Greece. The competitions are open to unmarried citizens of the United States who are not over thirty years of age.

Persons who desire to compete for one of these fellowships must fill out a formal application and file it with the Executive Secretary not later than February 1, 1936. They must at the same time submit evidence of ability to read Latin, Greek, French, and German, and of attainment in Latin literature, Greek literature, Greek and Roman history, and archaeology. A knowledge of Italian is strongly recommended.

Candidates will be required without fail to present published or unpublished papers so as to indicate their fitness to undertake special work in Rome. The Academy reserves the right to withhold an award in case no candidate is considered to have reached the desired standard. Each appointment will be made with the understanding that continuation of the fellowship for a second year will rest entirely upon the career of the fellow in the first year. That career must be satisfactory to the staff of the School in Rome and to the committee on the School of Classical Studies.

For detailed circular and application blank apply to Roscoe Guernsey, Executive Secretary of the American Academy in Rome, 101 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

#### **Fellowships in The American School of Classical Studies at Athens**

Three fellowships, each with a stipend of \$1300, are offered for 1936-37, two in Greek archaeology and one in the language, literature, and history of ancient Greece. These fellowships are open to graduates and, under certain conditions, to other graduate students, men and women, of colleges and universities in the United States. The awards are based on the results of competitive examinations which will be held February 10-12, 1936, at places convenient to the candidates. The examinations assume a degree of preparation which usually requires one or more years of graduate work. A statement of the requirements and copies of recent examination papers will be sent on request.

The primary object of the fellowships is to encourage research in some field of Greek studies which can best be carried on in Greece. The fellowships are also intended to give to advanced students of the classics or of Greek archaeology, through organized travel in Greece, a first-hand knowledge of the land and of its more important sites and archaeological remains.

Applications, which must be made before January 1, 1936, and all inquiries for further information should be addressed to the Chairman of the Committee on Fellowships, Professor Samuel E. Bassett, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont.



**The Classical Association of New England**

The Connecticut Section of the Classical Association of New England held its annual meeting at Norwich Free Academy on October 19. The morning session was devoted to papers; after luncheon came a panel discussion in which six high-school principals presented their views on the subject, *Latin in a Changing Curriculum*.

**Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa**

During the year 1934-35 the Latin Club at Cornell College studied some of the leading personages of ancient Rome. Meetings were devoted to "Heroes of the Early Republic," "Caesar," "Cicero," "Julius Caesar and Augustus," "Vergil," "Horace," "Roman Emperors of the First and Second Century," "Famous Women of Rome." The opening meeting of the year took the form of a dinner at which Mr. Oscar Nybakken of the State University of Iowa gave an illustrated lecture on "Ancient and Modern Rome." Regular meetings were held each month at the home of Professor and Mrs. Hutchinson where the program was in charge of a committee of students. During 1935-36 the Club will devote at least part of its time to Horace in celebration of the two thousandth anniversary of his birth.

**Columbia, Missouri**

Emma Cauthorn, for the past nineteen years a member of the Department of Classical Languages and Archaeology of the University of Missouri, died on the fifth day of October, 1935. Miss Cauthorn was a graduate of the University of Missouri and did graduate work at the University of Pittsburgh, with Professor Ullman, at the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and at the University of Missouri. She came of a long line of distinguished teachers and was herself an excellent scholar and a brilliant teacher. She was a loyal member of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South and a regular attendant at its annual meetings.

Alpha Mu Chapter of Eta Sigma Phi has entered upon a varied program for the year. As we are still in the *Bimillennium Horatianum*, the bard of Venusia will not be neglected.

**The Committee on Reading Horace**

The *Reading Horace* committee reports that the demand for stickers to commemorate the tribute of renewing acquaintance with the poems was so great last spring that a second edition of 500 was issued by the St. Albans Press. To date, we have sent out more than 700 of these little pasters to be fastened in the front of old books as a memento of reading all or some of the

poet's work. The supply on hand is ample to meet all requests. So if you have not yet offered your tribute to the master of lyric form, reread "O fons Bandusiae" and "Donec gratus eram tibi" and your other old favorites, and send a self-addressed stamped envelope for a sticker to Mildred Dean, Roosevelt High School, Washington, D. C.

#### Mount Holyoke College

As a part of its celebration of the *Bimillennium Horatianum*, Mount Holyoke College has arranged a series of lectures on the general subject "Horace and his Influence." The public is cordially invited to attend all these lectures and also to view the collection of *Horatiana* which will be on exhibition in the library from November 15 to December 15.

November 16, 8:00 P.M. "The Sabine Farm and its Philosophy," Professor Elizabeth Hazleton Haight, Vassar College.

November 18, 5:00 P.M. "The Horatian Influence on Ronsard and Montaigne," Professor Paul Frédéric Saintonge, Mount Holyoke College.

November 23, 5:00 P.M. "A Little Farm: The Horatian Concept of Rural Felicity in English Literature," Professor Leslie Gale Burgevin, Mount Holyoke College.

December 2, 5:00 P.M. "The Horatian Strain in Literary Criticism," Professor Helen Griffith, Mount Holyoke College.

December 9, 8:00 P.M. "Horace and the Culture of Today," Dean Gordan Jennings Laing, University of Chicago.

#### Illinois

Professor W. A. Oldfather of the University of Illinois gave lectures on Horace for the *Bimillennium* celebration at Mundelein College, Chicago, on October 9; at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois, on Oct. 10, and before the Nebraska Teachers Association in Lincoln on October 24.